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APRIL 25, 1969

# TIME

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# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 23

**PRUDENTIAL'S ON STAGE** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). \* Barry Sullivan and E. G. Marshall star in "This Town Will Never Be the Same," which chronicles the last day in the life of a newspaper and the effect its death will have on its staff and the town.

**YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH** (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "Auto Repairs: Points and Plugs" is a comprehensive report on the high cost of auto repairs, with comments from Ralph Nader and Senator Philip Hart.

**THE JAPANESE** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Former U.S. Ambassador Edwin Reischauer hosts this program on Japan and its people.

Thursday, April 24

**THE UNDERSEA WORLD OF JACQUES COUSTEAU** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The Cousteau crew goes to Peru to dive for lost Incan gold in "The Legend of Lake Titicaca."

**MEET GEORGE WASHINGTON** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part of *Project 20*, this show will try to breathe some life and substance into the dehumanized schoolbook image of our first President.

**NET PLAYHOUSE** (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). Dorothy Tutin stars as Catherine de Valois, the tragic widow of Henry V and grandmother of Henry VII in "The Queen and the Welshman."

Saturday, April 26

**BYRON NELSON GOLF CLASSIC** (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). The final two rounds of the \$100,000 tourney from the Preston Trail Golf Club in Dallas will be continued Sunday afternoon 4-6.

**CBS GOLF CLASSIC FINALS** (CBS, 4-5:30 p.m.). The last 18 holes in the 36-hole finals from Firestone Country Club in Akron, with George Archer and Bob Lunn playing Al Geiberger and Dave Stockton.

Sunday, April 27

**NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE** (CBS, 2-4:30 p.m.). The Stanley Cup play-off.

**FELICIANO—VERY SPECIAL** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A musical 60 minutes, starring Vocalist-Guitarist José Feliciano, with Guests Andy Williams, Glen Campbell, Dionne Warwick and Burt Bacharach.

Monday, April 28

**THE SPRING THING** (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Love and springtime are the subjects, and Noel Harrison and Bobbie Gentry the objects, with some outside help from Rod McKuen, Goldie Hawn, Shirley Bassey, Irwin C. Watson, Meredith MacRae and the Harpers Bizarre.

Tuesday, April 29

**NET FESTIVAL** (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "The World of José Limón" deals with the life and artistry of the American dancer and choreographer.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

1776 presents a stereotypical version of the key signers of the Declaration of Independence and their sometimes abrasive, sometimes soporific deliberations at the Second Continental Congress. The musical succeeds only in bringing the heroic, tem-

pestuous birth of a people and a polity down to a feeble vaudevilian jape.

**HAMLET.** Everything about Ellis Rabb's APA production is peculiarly wrong, including Rabb's portrayal of Hamlet as if the Prince of Denmark were in desperate need of geriatric drugs.

**CELEBRATION**, with a handsome blond Orphan pitted against an evil Mr. Rich, is a beguiling musical fairy tale for sophisticates who have never quite forsaken the magic of childhood.

**PLAY IT AGAIN**, SAM features Woody Allen playing Woody Allen, the completist neurotic, with his nimble jokes and woe-fully unconfident presence.

**FORTY CARATS** is a comedy of new marital modes and manners from Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy, the team that wrote *Cactus Flower*. It features a lovely Julie Harris as a middle-aged lady wooed and won by a 22-year-old lad.

**HADRIAN VII.** Alec McCowen exhibits an outstanding command of technique as Frederick William Rolfe in this deft dramatization of Rolfe's novel of wish fulfillment, *Hadrian the Seventh*.

### Off Broadway

**INVITATION TO A BEHEADING.** As a play, Russell McGrath's adaptation of the Vladimir Nabokov novel is less than successful, but Ming Cho Lee's set is elegant, Gerald Freedman's direction is deft, and the acting is full of flair.

**STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME** is an evening of three slightly savage and humorous one-act plays by Novelist James Leo Herlihy performed ably by the Theater Company of Boston.

**ADAPTATION—NEXT.** Two one-acters, both directed by Elaine May. Miss May's own play, *Adaptation*, is the game of life staged as a TV contest. Terrence McNally's *Next* features James Coco in a splendid performance as an overaged potential draftee.

**TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK** is a warm, loving tribute to Lorraine Hansberry, put together from her own writings and presented by an able, interracial cast.

**DAMES AT SEA.** A delightful spoof of the movie musicals of the '30s with an enthusiastic and gifted minstrel of six, including Bernadette Peters as Ruby, who taps her way to stardom in one day.

## CINEMA

**GOODBYE, COLUMBUS** is a slick adaptation of Philip Roth's novella about being young, in love and Jewish. Director Larry Peerce is a canny craftsman, and if his film is a little too glossy, most of his actors—especially newcomer Ali MacGraw—perform with warm and endearing conviction.

**STOLEN KISSES.** In his newest and gentlest film, François Truffaut creates a poignant memory of adolescence, beginning with the eagerness and delight of youth and ending with the promise of melancholy maturity.

**THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY.** Marlon Brando is back in top form as a hipster-criminal in this thriller directed by Hubert Cornfield, who uses a story about kidnapping as an excuse to conduct a surreal seminar on the poetics of violence.

**THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU.** This is the one to take the family to see on the next rainy Saturday afternoon. Oliver Reed and

Diana Rigg battle bad guys all across, and sometimes above Europe in an unceasing repertory of derring-do that will keep the kids enthralled and their parents amused.

**I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW).** If it were not for the sex scenes, this film probably would never have been imported. The rather conventional story of a confused adolescent girl in Sweden is interminable and unenlightened; like the much publicized sex scenes themselves, it is finally and fatally passionless.

**THE FIXER.** John Frankenheimer has directed this adaptation of Bernard Malamud's somewhat flawed novel with care and dedication. Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm are all transcendent in their roles.

**THE STALKING MOON** pits canny Frontier Scout Gregory Peck against an ingenious Indian bent on a bloody and horrible revenge. The outcome is standard, but Director Robert Mulligan manages a couple of good chills along the way.

**SWEET CHARITY.** This adaptation of the Broadway musical about a heart-of-gold "hostess" furiously bursts its seams with misdirected stylistic energy. Shirley MacLaine is a commendable Charity, and some of the tunes are catchy, but the result is sadly lacking in vitality.

**RED BEARD** is an Oriental *Pilgrim's Progress* in which Japan's Akira Kurosawa explores the psychology of an ambitious young doctor until his frailties and strengths add up to a picture of humanity itself.

**THE SHAME.** Ingmar Bergman tells a painful parable of the horrors of war and the moral responsibility of the artist. This is his 29th film, and one of his best, with resonant performances by Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand.

**3 IN THE ATTIC** has echoes of both *Alfie* and *The Graduate*, but viewers may find themselves being won over by its own sleazy charm as it spins the unlikely tale of a campus Luthorio (Chris Jones) whose best girl (Yvette Mimieux) develops a novel and strenuous plan to punish him for his infidelities.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY**, by Carlos Baker. The long-awaited official biography offers the first complete and cohesive account of a gifted, troubled, flamboyant literary figure who has too often been recollected in fragmentary and indulgent memoirs.

**SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE**, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Through flashbacks to the fire bombing of Dresden in World War II, this agonizing, outrageous, funny, profoundly rueful fable tries to say something about the timeless nature of human cruelty and self-protective indifference.

**URGENT COPY**, by Anthony Burgess. In a collection of brilliant short pieces about a long list of literary figures (from Dickens to Dylan Thomas), the author brings many a critical chicken home to roost.

**REFLECTIONS UPON A SINKING SHIP**, by Gore Vidal. A collection of perceptively sardonic essays about the Kennedys, Tazan, Susan Sontag, pornography, the 29th Republican Convention, and other aspects of what Vidal sees as the declining West.

**EDWARD LEAR, THE LIFE OF A WANDERER**, by Vivien Noakes. In this excellent biography, the Victorian painter, poet, fan-

\* All times E.S.T. through April 26; E.D.T. from then on.



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# **"Confrontation"** **Tuesday night,** **April 22,** **the Bell System** **presents the third** **white paper on the** **crisis in the cities.**

NBC-TV 7:30 P.M. (6:30 P.M. Central)

tasist, and author of *A Book of Nonsense* is seen as a kindly, gifted man who courageously tried to stay cheerful despite an astonishing array of diseases.

**THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS**, by Anthony Powell. The ninth volume in his serial novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, expertly conveys Powell's innumerable characters through the intrigue, futility, boredom and courage of World War II.

**TORREGRECA**, by Ann Cornelisen. Full of an orphan's love for her adopted town, the author has turned a documentary of human adversity in southern Italy into the unflinching autobiography of a divided heart.

**THE SECRET WAR FOR EUROPE**, by Louis Hagen. As he explores the development of espionage agencies and replays many a cold war spy case, the author presents a detailed view of politics and espionage in Germany since 1945.

**THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE MOVIES**, by Paul D. Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt. Next to a reel of their films, this excellent book offers the best possible way to meet (or revisit) the Marx Brothers in the happy time when they had all their energy and all their laughs.

**THE QUICK AND THE DEAD**, by Thomas Wiseman. Wiseman's novel about the friendship between a half-Jew and a Nazi, before and during World War II in Vienna, is a brilliant psychological study of how two very different men can become so fatally entwined that each determines the course of the other's life.

**GRANT TAKES COMMAND**, by Bruce Catton. Completing the trilogy begun by the late historian Lloyd Lewis, Catton employs lucidity and laconic humor as he follows the taciturn general to his final victory at Appomattox.

**THE GODFATHER**, by Mario Puzo. For the Mafia, as for other upwardly mobile Americans, the name of the game is respectability and status—after the money and power have been secured. An excellent novel.

**PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT**, by Philip Roth. This frenzied monologue by a sex-obsessed Jewish bachelor on a psychiatrist's couch becomes a comic novel about the absurdly painful wounds created by guilt and puritanism.

## **Best Sellers**

### **FICTION**

1. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (1 last week)
2. The Godfather, Puzo (2)
3. The Solzburg Connection, MacInnes (3)
4. Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home, Kemelman (4)
5. Airport, Hailey (6)
6. A Small Town in Germany, le Carré (5)
7. The Vines of Yarrabee, Eden (9)
8. The Lost Queen, Lofts (8)
9. Except for Me and Thee, West
10. Preserve and Protect, Drury

### **NONFICTION**

1. The 900 Days, Salisbury (1)
2. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig (3)
3. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (4)
4. The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, Goldman (6)
5. The Trouble with Lawyers, Bloom (10)
6. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (2)
7. Jennie, Martin (5)
8. The Volachi Papers, Maas (9)
9. Instant Replay, Kramer
10. Grant Takes Command, Catton (7)



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## LETTERS

### Measuring the Military

Sir: It seems tragically ironic and somehow grotesquely paradoxical to juxtapose the pictures of General Eisenhower's burial and the cover story on the growing influence of the military [April 11]. Ike's entire career, both as military man and as President, was a tacit denial of the monolithic attitudes as presently displayed by those who now wield the clubs of nuclear power. Perhaps, in the inexorable march of history, his passing marked the end of military men who are able to be as constructive in peace as they are in war. General Shoup's description of professional soldiers reminds me of a finely tuned car that sets records at Indianapolis but is inept in traffic.

PETER W. STINE  
Assistant Professor of English

Gordon College  
Wenham, Mass.

Sir: Our military career people must feel pretty frustrated to find themselves blamed for failures that are manifestly the result of political constraints. The ironic part is that if we neglect our defenses and spurn our defenders, another Pearl Harbor may occur. Then public feeling will well up, and courting of our soldiers will once again be in style. As Rudyard Kipling wrote of the peacetime military man nearly 80 years ago:

*"It's Tommy this, an' 'Tommy that, an' 'chuck 'im out, the brute."  
"But it's 'Savior of 'is Country' when the guns begin to shoot."*

JOHN W. KERSTETTER

Apollo, Pa.

### Civility Above Stability

Sir: I wouldn't normally quibble about one word; however, this one word is very important. In your cover story on "Rage and Reform on Campus" [April 18], you quote me as characterizing the style of the university by rationality and stability. Actually, the wire services earlier made the same error in reporting a press conference here. Probably it's my own fault for not enunciating more clearly. The word I actually used was civility, which is much more important for universities today than stability. Civility becomes increasingly vital if university people—faculty, students and administration—are to discuss instead of demand, reason rather than shout, mutual respect rather than mutually recriminate, depend on ideas for persuasion rather than four-letter words, and confer with rather than confront each other.

Stability is something else, probably unlikely as universities face a changing world they have helped to change and must change yet more, and themselves, too, in the process. Rationality and civility—these are the great university virtues at the heart of our problem. If they are lost, we are lost.

(THE REV.) THEODORE M. HESBURGH  
President

University of Notre Dame  
Notre Dame, Ind.

### A Modest Proposal

Sir: Noting your article, "Sad Sam," on Mayor Yorty [April 11], I seriously considered running for the office of mayor of Los Angeles but decided against it, particularly as I would be running against my friend Sam Yorty, for whom I have a

high regard both as a man and as the mayor of our city.

I agree with you that Sam failed to arrest the Watts trouble at its inception. He could have become a national hero and saint if he had ordered or persuaded Chief Parker to issue a directive to his officers to shoot to cripple all looters, and shoot to kill anyone with a torch in his or her hand, regardless of color. Had he done that—which is what I would have done had I been the mayor—he would have stopped the riots cold, and it is my belief that all the other riots in other cities would never have taken place.

But Tom Bradley must be faulted, too, for not having flown home. With his immense prestige among his own race, he could have helped so much to "cool" the Watts riot. Instead he preferred to play safe and stay away (according to Yorty) for some 30 days, until the riots came to an end. I don't think this type of man would make a good mayor of Los Angeles.

RUDY VALLEE

Hollywood, Calif.

### The High Cost of Confiscation

Sir: The most serious damage done by the Peruvian junta and by the Nixon decision to bypass the application of the Hickenlooper Amendment [April 18] has been missed by most news media. Despite Velasco's claim that the IPC is a unique case, no foreign businessman will want to invest in Peru, where at any moment a government may confiscate whatever it wants with only transparent rationalization.

My heart does not bleed for the unfortunate businessman whose investments are at stake; foreign investments are made only by capitalists aware in advance of the risks. But I do regret deeply the real victims in this situation, the masses of Latin Americans whose tomorrows are hopeless without increasing foreign investments to industrialize and modernize their societies. If no one protects these investments, the man in the *barriada* and the *favela* is the one most to suffer.

VAL CLEAR

Lima

### Food Fare

Sir: Mrs. Philip Hart must either be a fussy shopper or a pretty unimaginative cook if she can't feed a family of six for \$33.86 a week and provide anything more interesting than beans, cheap vegetables, bread and old roosters [April 11]. I feed my husband, myself, our four children and a dog for that amount with very little diffi-

culty. We find some of the cheaper foods quite edible. We rather enjoy a big, thick, juicy, charcoal-broiled hamburger, or maybe Mexican tacos or meatballs stroganoff. Also, a two-dollar bottle of sherry will jazz up an awful lot of cheap meat.

What I was most interested to learn is that, as a college professor's family, we are living on a welfare budget. My sympathy for the impoverished diminishes rapidly.

MRS. WAYNE FALKE

Oxford, Ohio

### The Lawyer as Social Servant

Sir: I regret that space limitations did not permit quotation of my complete remarks concerning the judgment lawyers must exercise in choosing areas of social service [April 18]. Our firm encourages and supports community service as a meaningful and rewarding part of a lawyer's experience.

Since so many such opportunities are available today, it is important that the young lawyer be certain that the particular projects to which he devotes his time and effort will result in rewarding social service. That was the point of the one remark of mine that was printed.

HAMMOND E. CHAFFETZ

Kirkland, Ellis, Hodson,  
Chaffetz & Masters  
Chicago

### Impurity Quotient

Sir: Re the article "Intelligence: Is There a Racial Difference?" [April 11]: Most American Negroes are at least 60% Caucasoid, regardless of skin color. Anyone with even a smidgen of intelligence himself plus a knowledge of genetics and U.S. culture patterns (among them sex) would realize that after over 200 years with a negligible number of African immigrants to augment the gene pool, there could be very few if any "pure" Negroes here at this time.

Dr. Terman (*père*), father of many of our present testing concepts, was emphatic about not taking intelligence tests too seriously. He said, "Only through repeated tests of the same individual over periods of time can any reasonable norm be established. No one knows just what physical or emotional problems the testee may be laboring under . . . plus a possible unrelated background to the culture on which the tests are based. There is also a considerable reading facility in taking tests by those familiar with them, which places at a disadvantage those who are new to the game."

If someone wants to make valid tests why doesn't he go to Africa, where he

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KARENA SHIELDS  
Associate Professor of  
Anthropology-Sociology

University of San Diego  
Alcala Park, Calif.

### Keeping Their Marbles

Sir: We enjoyed your commentary on the World Marble Championship [April 11]. The "upstart colonials" are, in fact, a group of stockbrokers who found themselves in the same pub during the recent New York Stock Exchange Wednesday closings. The transition from elbow bending to shooting marbles was a natural. While it is true that we failed to appear at the championship this year, we had good reason: the application form we requested last October arrived April 2—just two days before the contest. In any event, unless we lose our marbles, we will be there next year.

CHRISTOPHER J. WHYBROW  
President

The Tower Club  
Chicago

### Stanley's Sturdy Boiler

Sir: Thanks for the news of the Lear Steam Racer, and for the comments on the old Stanley Steamers [April 11]. Allow me to correct one such: no Stanley boiler ever has blown up. Attempts were made to do this at the factory, and all that happened was the collapse of one of the 600 or so tubes with a big leak, but no disaster. This is of more than historic interest since a sur-

prising number of old Stanleys have been lovingly restored, and are in use at antique car rallies and the like. It would be a pity if the admiring public should flee away thinking one of them might go boom! It won't. I have owned and driven ten different Stanleys since 1930. I survive, unscorched and unblown-up.

(THE REV.) STANLEY W. ELLIS  
East Orleans, Mass.

### Hitting Hard

Sir: I certainly would not have recognized Al Capp from your article about his campus tours [April 11]. I was lucky enough to have the chance to judge for myself when Mr. Capp appeared at Southern Illinois University, where I am a student. Did you ever wonder why a millionaire cartoonist spends six hours trooping all over a campus to talk with over 6,000 students? Surely you don't believe it is for the \$3,000. Those students whom he calls S.W.N.E. were the first to jump up for his autograph and a chance to put Mr. Capp on the back. Indeed he does hit hard with most of his comments, but I feel that those students need to know that it is a hard world out there.

MARGIE A. WATSON

Carbondale, Ill.

Sir: It was inevitable. Sooner or later some bitter, commercially motivated has-been was bound to discover a way to make money off student dissent.

We young "Nazis" are truly indebted to your generation. After all, didn't you furnish us with the prototype?

JOHN FORD LEON

Pelham Manor, N.Y.

### Only a Gift

Sir: Please watch mixing Christian doctrine with Greek philosophy. You say, "To the believing Christian, death is a moment not of annihilation but of resurrection, when a soul's turbulent earthly journey comes to a happy end in eternal life" [April 11]. The concept of soul is good Greek philosophy but not theologically sound; nor is it true to the Bible to speak of some sort of indestructible inner core that lives on after death. Christians confess the resurrection of the dead and thereby acknowledge that life is a gift from God—and only a gift. We cannot claim it as a right, which is exactly what we do with this concept of soul, "whose earthly journey comes to a happy end in eternal life." This statement sounds like one of those "unctuous funeral parlor euphemisms" that tries to avoid mentioning death at all!


(THE REV.) GEORGE B. BRUNJES  
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

### High Overhead

Sir: A footnote to tax revision [April 4]: pity the plight of the single person who has no advantage comparable to "income splitting" of the married couple. The unmarried are entitled to only one exemption of \$600; yet overhead costs are the same and living expenses are much more than half those of childless married couples. Unmarried people supporting others not closely related have no "head of household" status. It's enough to make a gal consider matrimony!

MARGARET PROUTY

Madison, Wis.



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C-11

# A letter from the PUBLISHER

*James R. Shepley*



ETHEL KENNEDY & HAYS GOREY

THE last thing Washington Correspondent Hays Gorey wanted was to play tennis in the rain. But one damp day last month, he accepted Ethel Kennedy's invitation with little hesitation. After many a campaign trip with Senator Robert Kennedy, Gorey knew that a reporter anxious for an interview with Ethel had to take it on the run. Gorey not only posed his questions for this week's cover story on a soggy tennis court, but also spent one noontime driving Mrs. Kennedy to school to pick up her son Christopher, and another at Georgetown University Hospital, where Courtney Kennedy was having stitches removed from a wound suffered while skiing. A Washington Post columnist reported that Gorey was even spotted, notebook in hand, recording every splash one morning while Ethel bathed her eleventh child, Rory. Not so, says Gorey. He never carried a notebook into the bathroom.

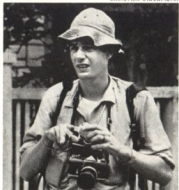
Freelance Photographer Tim Page, 24, figured it was time to get out of Viet Nam. He was sure that he was pushing his luck. His body was a mass of scars from combat wounds. He was hit in the hip while with the Marines near Chu Lai in 1965. During the Buddhist revolt in Danang in the spring of 1966, a 40-mm. grenade exploded near by, wounding

him in eight places. He was riding a Coast Guard cutter a few months later when the ship was strafed by mistake by U.S. planes and he was riddled with shrapnel. Afterward, British-born Tim Page would tell his friends that the most frightening sight in the world is an F-4C Phantom screaming out of the sky, blinking death.

But as much as Page wanted to leave Viet Nam, there were always other jobs he wanted to do—most of them for TIME and LIFE. Last week he went out on one more assignment, one that had been chosen carefully to keep him far from trouble. He was on his way to take aerial shots of the Cambodian border when his helicopter picked up an emergency message. Some G.I.s had triggered a booby trap and there were wounded to be evacuated. The chopper landed, and Page ran out to help. Another booby trap exploded, blowing the legs off an Army sergeant, wounding Page in the chest, arm, abdomen and head. Less than three hours later, he was undergoing emergency surgery. At week's end his chances for survival seemed to be increasing.

The Cover: Oil by Jan De Rugh.

CHRISTIAN SIMPHER



TIM PAGE IN VIET NAM

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 25, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 17

## THE NATION

### A NEW LESSON IN THE LIMITS OF POWER

*The weak can be rash. The powerful must be restrained.*

SO said William Rogers last week after North Korean MIGs shot down a Navy EC-121 reconnaissance plane. The Secretary of State's observation was precisely to the point. The attack was the second atrocity perpetrated by North Korea in 15 months. Again the U.S. found it prudent not to strike back, and this time 31 Americans were dead. There was anger and embarrassment in the Pentagon at this new humiliation. On Capitol Hill, Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, proclaimed: "There can be only one answer for America—retaliation, retaliation, retaliation!" But the predominant reaction in Congress and across the U.S. was to smother outrage with common-sense restraint. In this, the nation took its cue from Richard Nixon.

**Range of Risks.** For three days after the U.S. aircraft was officially declared missing, the President went ahead with business as usual at the White House. The matter did not even come up at a Cabinet meeting the morning of the announcement; it scarcely could have, because the Cabinet wives had been invited to sit in for the first time.

As with the *Pueblo* incident 15 months ago, the U.S. found its alternatives se-

verely limited. The EC-121 flights over the Sea of Japan were suspended briefly as Nixon and his advisers weighed the possibilities. Because Viet Nam has first claim on U.S. resources in the Far East, and because more than 500,000 U.S. troops are still committed there, the U.S. could hardly open a second front in Asia without massive mobilization, which no one wants. Even an air strike against North Korea's MIG bases might well have provoked a new invasion of South Korea and created a range of risks including war with China and deterioration of relations with Moscow. The deliberations in Washington were not made any easier by widespread bafflement about North Korean intentions (see *THE WORLD*). Pyongyang could have been trying to help Hanoi by diverting U.S. forces from Viet Nam. The North Koreans could have been hoping to provoke retaliation, thus providing an excuse to renew ground war against South Korea. The most likely explanation is that they resented U.S. intelligence operations, feared that the Americans were learning too much and saw an easy way to discourage the flights while scoring a propaganda coup.

The diplomatic possibilities seemed no more attractive or useful than military ones. An appeal to the U.N. might force the Soviet Union to side with the North Koreans and lead to a Security

Council deadlock. The U.S. went through the motion of protest at a Panmunjom meeting, but after it was lodged, North Korea's representative, Major General Ri Choon Sun, simply inquired: "Whom does the aircraft belong to?"

**Jumpy and Pugnacious.** In the end, Nixon chose a course between backing down by discontinuing the flights permanently, thus conceding the field to the North Koreans, and plunging into a military contest that the U.S. might not be willing to sustain. He announced that the flights would resume. "They will be protected," he pledged. While he refused to divulge details, it later appeared that fighter plane cover would be made available if needed—either from land bases in South Korea or from a naval task force that was being assembled, which will include several aircraft carriers.

Nixon's handling of the crisis won praise from diverse quarters. Hubert Humphrey lauded the President's restraint; Senator Barry Goldwater reluctantly went along, saying he personally favored taking "an eye for an eye," but conceding that the U.S. cannot afford to fight wars simultaneously in Viet Nam and Korea. Senator William Fulbright thought Nixon had no alternative, but repeated his doubts about the usefulness of the kind of spying mission *Pueblo* and the downed EC-121

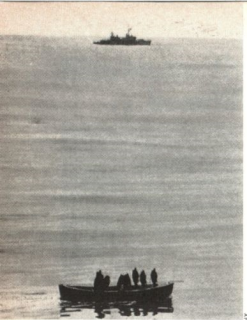


PILOT OVERSTREET



U.S. NEGOTIATOR LEAVING PANMUNJOM MEETING

*Smothering outrage with common-sense restraint.*



U.S. VESSELS SEARCH FOR WRECKAGE  
The alternatives were limited.

were engaged in. In the wake of the *Pueblo* incident, there was surely a legitimate question as to the prudence shown by the U.S. in sending slow, unprotected planes to spy on a jumpy Communist nation already notorious for pugnacity and unpredictability. President Nixon admitted that 190 such flights had taken place since Jan. 1.

**Vengeful Fire.** At his press conference, the President explained why he considered the flights necessary: it is his responsibility as Commander in Chief to look after the security of the 56,000 U.S. troops in South Korea, and in view of North Korea's growing belligerence the flights provide some insurance against surprise thrusts. "Going back over 20 years," he said, "we have had a policy of reconnaissance flights in the Sea of Japan similar to this flight." More generally, any President has the duty to provide his military forces with the best information obtainable about potential adversaries. Ignorance of the other side can not only make U.S. forces vulnerable to surprise attack, but also lead to unnecessary military precautions resulting from uncertainty.

The mission of the ill-fated EC-121 seemed routine. So had the last voyage of *Pueblo*. Piloted by Lieut. Commander James Overstreet, 34, the EC-121 took off from Atsugi Naval Air Station near Tokyo with a full crew of 30 Navy-men and one Marine. For nearly seven hours, the aircraft followed a clockwise course around the Sea of Japan.

Then a ground station in South Korea radioed a sudden warning: two North Korean MIG jet fighters had taken off from a base normally used only for training and were headed toward the EC-121. The Navy plane acknowledged that message, and turned seaward from a position well outside the twelve-mile limit claimed by North Korea. It was to end its mission prematurely and return to Atsugi. On monitoring radars in Japan

the blips of a North Korean jet and the U.S. aircraft met and passed; then the EC-121 disappeared from the screen altogether. It was not heard from again.

Radio Pyongyang announced: "The Air Force unit of our People's Army instantly spotted the plane of the insolent U.S. imperialist aggressor army, which was reconnoitering after intruding deep into the territorial air of the northern half of the Republic and scored the brilliant battle success of shooting it down with a single shot by showering the fire of revenge upon it." Pyongyang might well crow its triumph. In an important sense, the new loss was graver than that of *Pueblo* early in 1968: only one of *Pueblo*'s 83-man crew was killed during its capture.

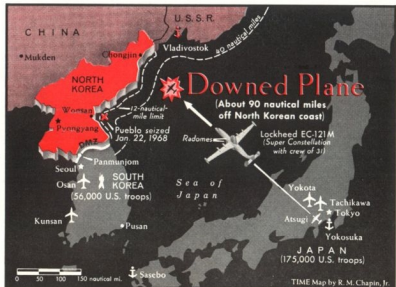
**Reading Others' Radar.** If there had been some question at the outset whether the *Pueblo* might have violated North Korean waters, there was no such doubt about the EC-121. Its crew had orders to stay at least 50 nautical miles off the North Korean coast. Some wreckage from the aircraft turned up 85 miles at sea. Nixon insisted that American, Russian and North Korean radar had all shown the EC-121 clearly over international waters. His remark revealed for the first time that the U.S. has electronic gadgets that can read what other nations' radars are reporting.

In a gesture of cooperation indicating that the Russians had no intention of supporting the North Korean claim of intrusion, two Soviet destroyers on patrol in the South China Sea joined U.S. air and sea search efforts for the missing EC-121. Later the U.S. destroyer *Tucker*, carrying the only two bodies recovered, obtained from the Soviet destroyer *Vdokhnovenie* pieces of the downed aircraft that the Russians had collected. President Nixon said the U.S. was "most grateful" for the Russian help, but there were ironies on both sides. The Russians were presumably interested in having a look at any

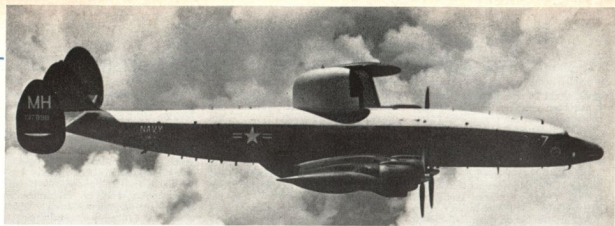
pieces of the downed plane's electronic gear that they could turn up. The U.S. spy planes often fly along the Soviet littoral near Vladivostok during their rounds of the Sea of Japan. Russia, as well as North Korea, may be a target for their inquisitive electronic ears (see box opposite).

**Above Oratory.** If the Russians seemed particularly helpful, it was perhaps because they themselves were growing leary of the erratic North Korean Communists. Even so, the Soviets may benefit from North Korea's attack on the U.S. plane. Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato took an unusually forthright pro-U.S. position after the EC-121 went down, but Japan's citizenry has become increasingly edgy about the risks attendant on playing host to the U.S. military. Moscow—as well as Peking and Pyongyang—would like to see American strength reduced in the far Pacific. With the U.S.-Japanese mutual security treaty open to renegotiation next year, Sato's position is extremely delicate.

So is Richard Nixon's. He was widely reminded last week of his campaign rhetoric denouncing the Johnson Administration for having allowed *Pueblo* to be seized by "a fourth-rate military power like North Korea"; in the campaign, Nixon had said that "what we can do is not let this happen again." Nonetheless, confronted with a recurrence, he managed to rise above summer oratory and ensure that there was, in fact, less tension generated this time than by the *Pueblo* incident. Lyndon Johnson mobilized 14,787 reserves last year and managed to create a crisis atmosphere with no immediate result. Nixon, who had built much of his reputation on militant anti-Communism, kept his response to the minimum consistent with national honor and domestic politics. As Secretary of State Rogers acknowledged, great power—and responsibility—often imposes narrow limits on national choice.







U.S. NAVY PHOTO

LOCKHEED EC-121 OF THE TYPE SHOT DOWN

## The Spy Planes: What They Do and Why

THE pilots of Sopwith Tabloids, French Nieuports and German Taubes opened the age of aerial combat by taking potshots at one another with rifles in the skies of World War I Europe. But the first military function of aircraft in that war was gathering intelligence. Tiny, unarmed biplanes scurried behind enemy lines to spy out troop dispositions and act as airborne forward artillery observers. Warfare has grown immensely more complex in the half-century since then, but gathering intelligence nonetheless remains one of the airplane's most significant and fascinating functions.

Present-day spy planes, with their elaborate electronic gadgetry, come in two main varieties. The more glamorous type is the fast, sleek jet that darts through another country's airspace to photograph anything of military interest, from missile installations to arms depots. Best known is the subsonic U-2, which precipitated a major cold-war crisis when the Soviet Union shot down one piloted by Francis Gary Powers in 1960. Its replacement is the SR-71, the 2,000-m.p.h. Blackbird, which is probably the world's fastest airplane in sustained flight (TIME, April 11).

The less spectacular type of spy plane is the slower patrol aircraft that measures radar capabilities and eavesdrops obliquely on enemy radio communications from a distance. The plodding, prop-driven EC-121 shot down by North Korean MIGs last week is a military version of the Super Constellation airliner. The EC-121 is an ungainly bird, its basically graceful lines awkwardly broken by wartlike plastic radar domes above and below the fuselage. Four piston engines give it a cruising speed of only 300 m.p.h., but it has immense range. It can fly 6,500 miles, staying aloft for more than 20 hours—which enables it to monitor communications longer and more intensively than could a speedier jet.

The EC-121's working altitude of 25,000 ft. gives its snooping gear a much wider reach than that of a surface ship like *Pueblo*. Because many of

the signals to be monitored travel in straight lines rather than bending with the earth's curvature, an airborne collector sees a much more distant horizon and can keep signals within range far longer. One EC-121 radar can sweep a 40,000-sq.-mi. area. The plane carries six tons of electronic gear and a crew of 31, large enough to allow technicians and translators to spell each other frequently at tasks that demand intense concentration.

The two main sorts of data collected by aircraft of this type are "Comint," for communications intelligence, and "Elint," for electromagnetic intelligence. "Comint" primarily means verbal radio messages while "Elint" covers such non-verbal signals as radar, automatic landing aids and computer traffic. Since the early 1950s, EC-121s have flown the Atlantic and Pacific regularly as radar picket aircraft.

In Viet Nam and in North Korea, the planes have been used to eavesdrop on the enemy. They also plot the types and sites of radar installations and other electronic gear. They ply the Mediterranean, the Caribbean environs of Cuba and the entire East Asian coast from Viet Nam northward.

The EC-121 first pinpoints a radar site and then, by analyzing the signal picked up, determines just what that particular radar is used for. The experts can tell whether the radar under observation is meant to warn of possible threats from an enemy, whether it is intended to guide defensive surface-to-air missiles, or whether it is designed to control a network of offensive nuclear weapons. The aircraft's antennas, tuned to a wide range of radio frequencies used in military communications, can overhear conversations between major command posts 200 miles away and thus plot troop movements and combat readiness. Analysis of EC-121 data can reveal how much traffic is moving in and out of a military airfield.

One ingenious way to test a potential enemy's alertness is known as "exercising." That means feeding a fake signal back to the adversary's tracking

radar at precisely timed intervals to simulate an intrusion in his airspace. The defender is lured into sending his interceptors aloft and activates all his secret radar equipment to bag this fictitious intruder. Meanwhile, from a distance, the spy plane can carefully monitor everything that is done by the enemy in order to meet the electronically manufactured threat. There is no indication, however, that the downed EC-121 was "exercising."

All this is part of U.S. intelligence gathering designed to prepare against any kind of military attack—for instance, a North Korean strike at South Korea. It also helps to keep the U.S. from getting caught in the kind of nuclear-blackmail situation that would have resulted had photo reconnaissance not turned up the Soviet IRBM installations in Cuba in 1962. Sophisticated electronic satellites have made some of the monitoring flights redundant, but the lumbering EC-121 is still more versatile and reliable, if more vulnerable to attack than a satellite orbiting in space.

The Soviets, naturally, have electronic spies of their own. Their trawler fleet makes up their most visible snooping force, showing up regularly in the South China Sea off Viet Nam and seaward from Cape Kennedy during U.S. space shots. The Soviets launch military reconnaissance satellites as regularly as does the U.S. TU-95 Bear turboprop converted bombers have been working near Alaska since the early 1960s. Most recently they have been keeping tab on the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean—sometimes flying with Russian markings, sometimes with Egyptian. A shorter-range reconnaissance airplane, the TU-16 Badger, until a year ago made frequent flights down the Pacific coast of Japan to spy on Japanese radar installations; it earned the nickname "Tokyo Express." But since the sort of military information that is secret in Communist countries is often openly available in the West, the Soviet Union generally has an easier espionage chore than the U.S.

## THE ADMINISTRATION: BEGINNING TO BEGIN

FOR weeks Democrats on Capitol Hill had been needing their Republican colleagues about the new regime's lateness in presenting a domestic program. "When," asked Idaho's Senator Frank Church, "is the Nixon Administration going to begin?" Last week seemed to be the week, and it was probably with as much relief as pride that Republican Leader Everett Dirksen announced: "The day of inaction is ended."

In fact, the Nixon program, when it finally emerged, was more the beginning of a beginning than a giant step forward. Set out in ten neat points, Nixon's proposals were unexceptionable:

- SOCIAL SECURITY. A 7% increase in benefits to counteract losses to inflation.
- TAX CREDITS. Incentives to encourage

complex. "Our studies," he said of the welfare field, "have demonstrated that tinkering with the present system is not enough. We need a complete reappraisal and redirection." One immediate measure to help the poor will be submitted to Congress this week, when Nixon will recommend that all those below the Government's poverty line (\$3,300 for a family of four) be released from any obligation to pay federal income taxes. Many poor people now have to pay income taxes—even as tax money is being spent to raise them from poverty.

**Formative Years.** Pending separate messages to Congress that will supply specifics, the program was still somewhat formless and indistinct; neither loud praise nor harsh criticism seemed quite

A better indication of the President's plans for the immediate future was his revision of Lyndon Johnson's budget for fiscal 1970, which begins July 1. With control of inflation his top domestic goal, most of the President's revision was downward—about \$3 billion from Johnson's proposed domestic budget and about \$1 billion from his defense budget. The only department to receive an increase was Justice, which picked up \$16 million, mostly for FBI and other law-enforcement functions.

**Anti-Tax Mood.** Despite the slashes, the Republican budget was probably as close to a non-ideological spending program as could be devised, with cuts neither so big as to outrage liberal Democrats nor so small as to displease most Republicans greatly. "By and large," said Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield in a display of bonhomie, "I approve of what he has suggested." The proposed budget was deftly designed to fall somewhere between the savers and the spenders, a product of what has already become typical middle-of-the-road Nixon style.

Though it was smaller than the proposed Johnson budget for 1970, it was a good bit bigger than the actual Johnson budget for the current year, and in some areas of social welfare even raised the Johnson ante. The boosts were scarcely enough to make much dent in the country's serious urban ills, but at the same time the cutbacks in most programs were not enough to seriously curtail any of the efforts that have been made so far.

In its present anti-tax, anti-inflation mood, Congress would probably prevent Nixon from raising expenditures very much even if he wanted to do so. One of the few voices of criticism was that of Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Before he would approve extension of the 10% income tax surcharge beyond June 30, said Mills, he would demand a further \$5 billion budget cut.

**The Likeliest Target.** Mills exacted a similar price for the surtax from Johnson last year, and no one is likely to dismiss his threat. Mills' stature is such that his assent is crucial. Still, Congress seems to feel that the budget has been cut enough. If further slashes are to be made, the defense budget, already under unprecedented scrutiny, will be the likeliest target.

A bigger reduction, in fact, might damage not only some necessary programs but the economy as a whole. Too great a surplus—compared with the \$25.2 billion deficit in fiscal 1968—might cause such a shock as to push the economy into a recession. The question is how much is enough and how much is too much. The economy, which is now galloping past a \$900 billion G.N.P., has been remarkably resistant to attempts to restrain it. But there is



"I BELIEVE LAST WEEK I HEARD YOU GENTLEMEN SCREAMING FOR WORK..."

business to invest in cities, particularly in the ghettos.

- REVENUE SHARING. A proposal to divert part of the money collected by the Federal Government to local governments. Cities and states have long complained that the Federal Government takes so much of the total tax dollar (about two-thirds) that not enough is left for local needs.
- IMPROVEMENT OF AIRWAYS AND AIRPORTS AND DEVELOPMENT OF MASS TRANSIT. Financed by various user charges instead of general tax revenue, this program would help unsnarl and speed up the nation's clogged transportation systems.
- NEW MEASURES TO COMBAT CRIME. Nixon's emphasis would be on organized crime and racketeering, and he would also attempt to curtail the sale of pornography to minors.
- REORGANIZATION OF THE POST OFFICE. This, presumably, would embody Nixon's suggestion that the Post Office be taken out of politics.

For the long range, he urged innovation in social programs, including a total—and long-needed—restructuring of the archaic federal-state-local welfare

appropriate. If not exactly bemused by the program, the Democrats were, for the most part, at a loss for words. Republicans were not much more vocal. Tennessee's Senator Howard Baker, Dirksen's son-in-law, noted the lack of response, but on reflection found it less than remarkable. Said Baker: "There were no surprises."

Some of the recommendations might yet prove enormously important. The sharing of federal tax receipts with local governments might go a long way toward relieving the financially starved cities and could have a profound impact. It will depend on how wide Nixon, and Congress, are willing to open the Treasury doors. Another idea, to apply considerable Government antipoverty resources to the formative period of life—the first five years—might become immensely significant in years ahead. The President's intent at least was clear. "It will be the goal of this Administration," he said, "to propose only legislation that we know we can execute once it becomes law. Merely making proposals takes only a typewriter; making workable proposals takes time. We have taken this time."

still the haunting danger of overkill.

One compromise might be extension of the surtax at a lesser rate—such as 7% instead of 10%—and either reduction or repeal of the 7% investment credit for business. Many Congressmen are understandably reluctant to approve continued higher taxes while businessmen enjoy the investment credit—in itself a spur to inflation—but might be persuaded to approve a partial surtax on their constituents if business lost the tax advantage. A Democratic House caucus, in fact, recommended just such a move last week, and Nixon may go along with it.

If Nixon's message last week is taken at its face value, the most important part of his domestic platform was neither a new spending proposal nor a new program, but a new way of looking at the existing program. Emphasis was placed throughout on reordering current efforts to make them more workable. "We have learned," he said, "that too often Government's delivery systems have failed: though Congress may pass a law or the President may issue an order, the intended services never reach the intended recipients. We have to design systems that go beyond commitment and guarantee performance." If the President can make good on that promise, the nation will probably not mind the wait for a Nixon program.

## POLITICS

### ABM and the Party Line

The national debate over the Administration's proposed Safeguard antiballistic missile grows more intense as a congressional decision approaches. Last week President Nixon reiterated his position that Safeguard is essential to keep the U.S. from "falling into a second-class or inferior position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union." Nixon warned his ABM adversaries: "I am going to fight as hard as I can for it."

Maryland's Representative Rogers C. B. Morton, newly elected chairman of the Republican National Committee, was enlisted to help the President fight by having the committee develop speeches and background material backing ABM. Senate Republicans who oppose the ABM bitterly condemned Morton's move. Illinois' Charles Percy charged the party leader with trying to develop a "loyalty test" over the issue.

Morton retreated, allowing as how the National Committee would be glad to help publicize opposition views as well. Nixon insisted that he respects the views of ABM opponents and does not regard the issue as a partisan one. But he does not really want Morton to move away from open partisanship, will expect greater party solidarity than he is now getting on Safeguard. Despite Nixon's avowed respect for ABM dissenters, he confirmed a decision not to name Cornell Vice President Franklin Long, a noted chemist, to head the National Science Foundation, because Long opposes the ABM.

## NIXON'S FIRST QUARTER

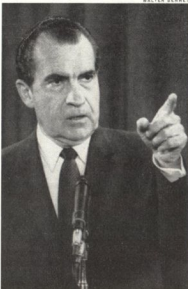
*Richard Nixon completes his first hundred days in office next week. Hugh Sides, TIME's Washington Bureau chief and former White House correspondent, gives his assessment of the President's performance thus far.*

**I**n a hundred days Franklin Roosevelt led a foundering society back to self-confidence, and no President since 1933 has been allowed to forget it. John Kennedy complained shortly before assuming power: "I'm sick of hearing about a hundred days. I'm not Roosevelt, and these aren't the '30s." But the legend persisted. Lyndon Johnson, in fact, encouraged comparisons, and with pockets stuffed full of legislative box scores he

weary of a looming Uncle Sam and a volcanic Johnson, the new pace is comforting to many.

Besides the pause, Nixon has brought a promise, and it may be enough for now. The old measuring rods of bills passed and billions appropriated cannot be used to calculate leadership in a time of spiritual rather than economic depression. His orderly and modest manner has won respect. Louis Harris finds that 61% of the public credit Nixon with "inspiring confidence personally in the White House." L.B.J.'s last reading was 33%. Nixon has not, as Communications Director Herb Klein claimed last week, "calmed the waters of America," but the President has set a new tone in much of the country, a vital ingredient if Nixon is ever to focus and release national energies.

He is in a sense the "unheroic" President that Eugene McCarthy urged last fall. Nixon has not heaped promise on promise. He has instead pledged himself to consolidate and manage. He has walked through his role austere, a man alone much of the time, not posturing or parading, but embracing the "normalcy" of those middle-class Americans who voted for him. His priorities read neatly—Viet Nam, inflation and crime. Billy Graham's spirituality pervades, the humor is genteel, and the thoughts drape sensibly, like Pat Nixon's wardrobe. The effect in Oklahoma and Colorado and Iowa, if not in the ghettos, is to stimulate faith. Nixon's memorized facts of national life are delivered with an easy candor over television. He is the family lawyer or the local banker, not necessarily inspiring, but welcome in a time of uncertainty.



NIXON AT PRESS CONFERENCE  
A pause and a promise.

could show by certain singular mathematics a better record than that of his old mentor, F.D.R.

Richard Nixon is silent. There are no compilations in his coat pocket because there has been no significant legislation. Nixon does not even have a slogan for his Administration. There is barely the beginning of a program. He has not yet brought peace, slowed inflation, cleansed the air and water, ward off piracy or uplifted the ghettos.

In the White House, they quickly slide over the hundred days odium. Aides refer instead to the year's "first quarter," as if the Administration were a corporation. The first quarter of this new business was logically concerned with organization and getting acquainted (Nixon's visits to Government agencies, his trip to Europe, his televised news conferences). All this Nixon has accomplished with decency if not grace, with competence if not brilliance. In a world and nation grown

He will not be a legislative President but an executive President, exploring those areas where he is sovereign and has to contend least with a Congress controlled by Democrats. A long time ago, he sat in his Wall Street lawyer's office, cramped and yearning, and he said a President should worry first about war and peace. He has not changed, despite the necessities of domestic political dialogue.

Nixon has not said so, but it is plain that he does not believe in the Viet Nam war and that he wants to get out just as quickly as possible. His reaction to the Communists' spring offensive was to wait it out calmly. Washington meanwhile has succeeded in maneuvering the Saigon government into a more tractable position vis-à-vis the National Liberation Front—a necessary shift if negotiations in Paris are ever to succeed. Despite Nixon's denial last week of firm plans to reduce the U.S. troop level in Viet Nam, no one would be surprised if the Administration takes that option in the near future.

Nor is his dedication to Safeguard, the anti-ballistic missile system, altogether certain. The Administration has



given itself plenty of time and maneuver room on this project. From down deep come the hints that if the Russians will sit and trade a little in arms-limitation talks, Nixon might just scrap the whole thing.

He is a man who reflects the nation that made him—mobile geographically and intellectually, sensitive to the prevailing momentum. To some he is still a man in search of an idea. To others he represents an open-mindedness not hobbled by the intellectual arrogance of those in the previous Administrations who led the U.S. into the Viet Nam war, but is instead flexible enough to seek out the right course and attempt to follow it. The doubt, of course, is whether he can perceive the right. He said last fall he would be a fresh wind in Washington, and he has not been quite that. He said he would drop the surtax. He has not been able to. He promised peace, and the war goes on.

In his second priority, the battle of inflation, he has acted with the surety of the company attorney. The budget will be cut. He has learned not to talk about the hardships of his early life publicly now, but in private he occasionally is carried back to those days when the Yorba Linda Nixons did not have money for a balanced diet, and he is then in a very real way attuned to the spiraling food prices in modest America.

Maybe there isn't much on paper besides ideas, but in ideas, ultimately, lies the power of any presidency. And there is the promise. He wants to try to manage the changes in this country, rather than react to them, and so he would like to spend more time and money on those underprivileged children in their first five years, to funnel some of the federal tax funds back to the statehouses and the city halls. Yet large questions remain. Can Nixon move vigorously from the planning and organization phase to action? Has he been too slow in addressing social needs? Will his credit in the country run out before accomplishments come in? The answers he provides in the coming months are his next big test.

Nixon loves the presidency. They all do, despite their protests and the myths of burdens and miseries ("I'm going to give this damned job to Nixon," stormed Kennedy one night. He never did.). He likes the protection and the power, and he glories now in the appurtenances like Air Force One, which can whisk him half a world away in half a day and keep him in the comfortable presidential cocoon. So far so good, but the work is just beginning. This week he will announce his programs on tax reform and possibly on crime control, and a lot of people won't like either. Lyndon Johnson with all his troubles insisted to the bitter end that nobody in this torn land really wanted to see his President do badly. That is still profoundly true, and it is Nixon's greatest strength and hope.

## ARMED FORCES

### Dissent in Uniform

Gripping has always been one of the American soldier's few inalienable rights. George Washington's Continentals complained about pay, equipment and the length of the war. Fighting men ever since have kicked about food, duty rosters and assignments. Now a growing number of G.I.s—though still a small minority—are voicing more substantive complaints and employing most unilitary techniques to make sure that they are heard.

Eight soldiers at Fort Jackson, S.C., circulated petitions asking the base commander for permission to assemble to discuss the Viet Nam war. Forty-three Negro soldiers at Fort Hood, Texas, re-



EX-PRIVATE ANDREW STAPP  
How to bug the brass.

fused riot duty at the 1968 Democratic National Convention. Prisoners at the Presidio of San Francisco staged a sit-down strike to protest stockade conditions and the fatal shooting of a fellow prisoner by a guard. Military personnel have defied orders against taking part in off-post demonstrations while in uniform. Underground newspapers, including *The Last Harass*, *The Shake-down*, *Open Sights* and *Fun, Travel and Adventure* (FTA) protest the war and "racism" in the armed forces. The papers, whose editors claim circulations of anywhere from 500 to 23,000, also give instructions on how to bug the brass. *Open Sights* urges soldiers interested in "freaking out the military dictatorship that runs the country" to name antiwar or peace organizations as beneficiaries of military insurance policies. Most list the names and addresses of antiwar groups and individuals willing to aid uniformed dissenters.

**Desertions Up.** An attempt has even been made to unionize the military. The American Serviceman's Union was

founded at Fort Sill, Okla., in 1967 by Pvt. Andrew Stapp, who has since been discharged from the Army. The A.S.U. (total membership about 5,000) advocates a program that includes election of officers, an end to saluting, and recognition of the right to bargain collectively and disobey "illegal" orders.

Desertion is also on the increase. Last year 53,357 U.S. servicemen in trouble with their superiors, their families or their consciences bid farewell to arms, the highest number since the Korean conflict. Although most of those initially carried on the books as deserters (absent without leave for over 30 days) eventually "returned to military control," more than 200 are now in Sweden, while others have found refuge in France, The Netherlands and Canada. Many indicate that they would return to the U.S. if amnesty were granted. They recognize that this is unlikely. Edwin Arnett, one deserter who returned, drew a four-year sentence.

**Dropouts.** Supporting the in-service dissenters are a variety of civilian antiwar groups, which provide the servicemen with free legal advice, moral support and assistance in publishing their protest papers. Coffee houses that feature recorded music, long-haired girls and endless talk about the Viet Nam war have sprung up near several military posts. Interestingly, the dissent movement is far more active in the U.S. than among units overseas.

The dissenters themselves are a heterogeneous group. Although higher draft calls have brought more college men into the service, few of them seem willing to risk the stigma of a bad-conduct or dishonorable discharge to protest the system. Most of those involved are college and high-school dropouts. Some are misfits with poor civilian and military records who use opposition to the war as a rationale for their conduct and attitude. Many others, of course, are sincere in their rebellious attitude. A.S.U. Chief Stapp says that as many as 5% of the country's 3.5 million men in uniform are willing to stand up and be counted on any antibass issue. Actually, the number of active dissenters, who have so far encountered little hostility from non-dissenting G.I.s, appears to be far smaller.

The Pentagon has taken no public position on the phenomenon of dissent. "The brass just hoped we would go away," said an article in *Open Sights*. But local commanders, caught between the obvious need to maintain discipline and court decisions that define individual rights broadly, have responded to the dissent with a combination of repression, harassment and confusion.

Ignoring the recommendation of pre-trial investigators, the Army went ahead and tried the Presidio strikers for mutiny rather than the less serious charge of disobedience. The Marine Corps has sentenced two Black Muslims to six and ten years for "attempting to cause dissension in the ranks." The Navy has sentenced Nurse Susan Schnall, 25, of the Oak-



land, Calif. Naval Hospital, to six months for taking part in a peace demonstration while in uniform. Military police stop, question and sometimes threaten servicemen attempting to visit off-post coffee houses. Since many of the dissenters are otherwise model soldiers, the armed forces also use administrative discharge procedures to get rid of them. Last week the Army discharged *Last Harass* Editor Dennis Davis, 26, a member of the pro-Communist Progressive Labor Party, as "undesirable" 16 days before the end of his two-year hitch.

Leaders of the protest movement, however, remain undaunted. They plan further court tests of the armed forces' prohibitions against political activities. Their efforts should guarantee that *The Last Harass* will not be their last harassment of the military.

## POLICE

### Heaven's Angel

Darting about on her chrome-festooned motorcycle in her self-designed uniform—white crash helmet and boots, tight black pants and leather jacket—she might be taken for a Hell's Angel auxiliary. Up close, Esther Winders gives no such false impression. The badge on her breast, the pearl-handled pistol and the can of Chemical Mace that hang from her hips, clearly label Mrs. Winders what she is and always wanted to be: a lady cop.

In fact, Marshal Winders, daughter of a marshal and niece of a police chief, constitutes the entire police force of University Heights, Iowa. The tiny suburb (pop. 2,000) in the shadow of sedate Iowa State is honeycombed with law and order and can rely on nearby Iowa City police if more—or masculine

—officers are needed. Mostly, they are not. Mrs. Winders has never discharged her pistol or Mace can in anger, although she did arrest a drunken driver two years ago.

Yet she is hardly idle. Patrolling on her Harley-Davidson, or in the battered red Studebaker she prefers for late-night cruising, Mrs. Winders keeps University Heights safe from traffic offenders. "I still average one fine or so a week," she says. She also brings a feminine touch to police work. One couple in town had a spat during the night and headed out of their house in opposite directions; the marshal sat with their children until the parents returned the next morning. On the rare occasions when an escaped convict has been in the vicinity, Mrs. Winders and her bloodhound Portia join police from neighboring areas in the chase. Her most serious current problem is an ubiquitous peeping Tom. "They're the hardest to catch," she says. "But I'd like to put some buckshot into him."

Mayor Chan Coulter, a retired Army colonel, credits his one-woman force with providing a "very special kind of protection in our town." But soon University Heights, which hired Mrs. Winders in 1935 when she asked for the job, will have to start looking for a new marshal. Winders and Portia are contemplating retirement. "The council," says the grandmother, "thinks I'm getting too old to chase cars." The council may have a point. At 70, Esther Winders claims to be the oldest working policewoman in the nation.

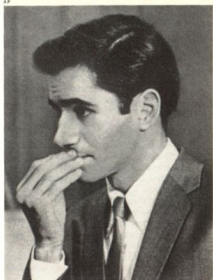
## TRIALS

### The Sirhan Verdict

The victim was one of the most arresting personalities of his time, world-famous while still young, striving for the ultimate in political power. Into his path stepped a pathetic young man whose only claim to recognition was the misery of his life. Suddenly, with a horrified nation as witness, yet another of America's most promising leaders was gunned down. The obscure assassin became the center of attention for investigators, lawyers, psychiatrists. Much of the trial became an exploration of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan's fantasy-ridden mind and how that mind led him to commit murder. Last week seven men and five women found Sirhan guilty of first-degree murder in the assassination of Robert Francis Kennedy.

Rarely had a jury been as respected by court personnel as the panel that decided the fate of Sirhan. A friendly, co-operative group, they accepted their 64 sequestered days and nights without bickering or bitterness. In court, their attentiveness to the intricate testimony of 90 witnesses, which helped to fill 107 volumes of transcript, caused Judge Herbert V. Walker to praise them as the best jury he had ever encountered.

But their job did not end with the verdict. Under California law, the jury then had to hear arguments on whether



SIRHAN SIRHAN

*A cold and calculated decision.*

er Sirhan should get life in prison or death in the gas chamber. A decision is expected this week. If spared, Sirhan will serve his time in a special cell block at the California Medical Facility at Vacaville. California authorities do not want to expose him to the mercies of fellow inmates at a regular prison, and Vacaville treats disturbed but legally sane convicts. Though he would be eligible for parole in seven years, his chances for release would be remote. In fact, Defense Attorney Grant Cooper told the jury that his client "deserves to spend the rest of his life in the penitentiary."

**Restated Distinction.** During its 16 hours 42 minutes of deliberation in a drab, ninth-floor room of the Hall of Justice, the jury temporarily buoyed the defense's hope for a second-degree verdict. Jury Foreman Bruce Elliott, a systems analyst with a Ph.D. in electronic engineering, asked Judge Walker to restate the legal distinction between second- and first-degree murder.

Weighing the massive accumulation of evidence, the jury had to decide whether Sirhan was completely responsible for his act. In a summation that ran nearly four hours, Deputy District Attorney David Fitts derided defense testimony by psychiatric experts and portrayed the murder as a "cold and calculated decision."

The state concerned itself with presenting Sirhan's thoughts and movements immediately preceding the killing. The prosecution recounted his hatred of Jews and of Kennedy for allegedly espousing their cause. The jury was told how Sirhan had practiced with the murder weapon and later stalked Kennedy on the night that the presidential candidate was celebrating his victory in the California primary.

**Impassive Reaction.** Against this clear-cut charge, the jury had to consider the more esoteric plea by the de-



MARSHAL WINDERS & PORTIA

*Pearl on the pistol, Mace on the hip.*

fense. Not surprisingly, the twelve at times appeared bewildered by the masses of confusing and contradictory psychological evidence presented to convince them that Sirhan was a "schizophrenic, paranoid psychotic." Defense Attorneys Cooper, Russell Parsons and Emile Zola Berman portrayed their client as a man hopelessly crazed by his role in history. They repeatedly referred to his traumatic youth as a Palestinian refugee, victimized by the warring Arabs and Israelis. On the murder night, the "deluded dreamer" was in a "hypnotic trance," his obsession with the murder ritual heightened by liquor. In his summation, Cooper pegged his plea to Sirhan's "diminished capacity" to tell right from wrong. For his part, the proud, hotheaded Sirhan seemed to like being described as a cold-blooded killer. He erupted violently at the mention of his low IQ and the public exposure of irrational jottings found by police in his notebook.

In anticipation of yet another fit of rage, three security guards were positioned around the sallow, dark-eyed defendant while the verdict was being read. Sirhan reacted impassively, however, and was led quietly back to his high-security cell to await sentencing. The first-degree verdict will be appealed, a process that could take a year or more. It is doubtful that all three members of his volunteer team of expert criminal lawyers will continue very long on the case. For them, it has been a wearing and expensive several months. Nor is it likely that Sirhan will be executed, regardless of the sentence the jury proposes. Capital punishment is increasingly rare. Although at least 435 convicts languish on death rows around the country, no murderer has been put to death in the past two years, no matter how heinous the crime.

## WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE FLOOD COMES

WHEN the people of Crookston, Minn., looked out their windows one morning last week, they were reassured. Their city was still there. Despite a brutal, 70-hour battering by the rampaging Red Lake River, Crookston had survived relatively undamaged. Other communities in the upper Midwest were not so fortunate. Swollen by the heaviest accumulation of melting snow in history, the region's rivers gushed over their banks and crested in five states—North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa. Tumbling gigantic chunks of ice before them, the torrents inundated vast areas, causing at least \$31 million in damage and driving more than 22,000 people from their homes. Fortunately, only eight people died.

North Dakota was the hardest hit. Twelve thousand persons had to be evacuated from Minot when the Souris River went wild. Similar emergencies were faced throughout the upper Midwest. Yet despite the seriousness of the floods, the toll in damage, injury and death could have been much worse had it not been for precautions taken by the U.S. Government and some individual communities.

**Going It Alone.** As early as last February, weather bureau experts predicted floods because of the massive Canadian snow packs dissolving with the spring thaw. To try to protect at least some of the area, state and Federal Government agencies joined together to form Operation Foresight, an \$18 million emergency effort. Under it, the Army Corps of Engineers produced 183 linear miles of dikes and assisted 283 communities with their flood preparations. The engineers distributed pumps and more than 10 million sandbags and used

vast numbers of construction equipment. Even with its limited means, the program successfully prevented an estimated \$113 million in damage. Many towns that suffered in 1965 were kept dry by the hastily built dikes.

Other communities had to go it alone. Some, such as Crookston (pop. 9,000), were prepared; experience had been a cruel teacher. In 1897, 1916 and again in 1950, the town had been devastated by floods. The Army engineers studied Crookston in 1943 and somehow concluded that it had no serious flooding problems, but the town disagreed and several years later began building a small dike system funded by local assessments and general taxes. By 1965, Crookston had 2.8 miles of new dikes, which cost nearly \$63,000. The investment paid off immediately. The flood four years ago—the worst in a century—caused only \$80,000 in damage, one-twentieth of the cost in 1950. Further improvements were made after 1965. Still, when the crisis came this spring, it was not the dikes but the people that made the difference.

Each section of the community was organized. Neighborhood headquarters were established with radios to communicate with dike patrols, troubleshooting teams and civil defense units manned by local citizens. Each neighborhood paid for its own equipment—everything from walkie-talkies to coffee urns. The preparations were as complete as the town's foresight and finances allowed.

**Race with the Crest.** Yet when the high waters arrived, it became apparent that a dike built last summer would not hold. Mayor Harold Thomforde broadcast an appeal for help, and soon 50 high school youngsters appeared. Working most of the night sandbagging the sagging dike, the youngsters saved 350 homes. The next day, the mayor organized 1,000 youths from the local high school, surrounding schools and a branch of the University of Minnesota. They labored in shifts on into the night, keeping the level of the dikes just above the ever-rising waters. But by 4:30 a.m., the river was still coming up, and the 250 youngsters on the night shift were clearly exhausted.

Once again, Thomforde went on the radio and called for assistance, and this time 150 adults came to man the dikes. At dawn, the mayor again asked for help, and whole families streamed to the dike lines. Nearly 400 people, including a dozen teaching nuns from Corbett College and Mount St. Benedict Academy, were at work at 7 a.m. At last the waters began to recede.

**Treading Water.** Other towns less prepared than Crookston suffered heavily. Forty-five miles downstream from Crookston in Grand Forks, N. Dak., individual homeowners suffered severe losses. The swirling Red River rapidly rose to a crest of 45½ ft. and flooded 50 houses in the city's most expensive



VOLUNTEERS WORKING ON SANDBAG BRIGADE IN CROOKSTON  
Everything from walkie-talkies to coffee urns.



ICE JAM ON RED LAKE RIVER  
Some towns were less fortunate.

residential districts. There was no organized dike work in Grand Forks. Individuals tried various schemes to save their homes, such as encasing the lower portions of the houses with polyethylene sheets and keeping pumps going inside, but to little effect.

In the exclusive Riverside Park section of Grand Forks, one citizen bitterly condemned the local government: "The city took it all very casually. We were told that we were on our own and even had to pay 15¢ for sandbags." Mayor Hugo Magnuson blames the lack of preparation on the people living along the river. Magnuson says that they refused to allow the Army engineers to build necessary dikes because of property damage that might be caused by heavy equipment. But some residents contend that they had in fact sought a permanent dike, only to be refused by the Army engineers.

For both Crookston and Grand Forks, the danger was over by week's end. But for other communities in states to the south—Kansas, Illinois and Missouri—serious flooding was yet to come. It is obvious that comprehensive federal programs are needed to protect the nation's river basins from the almost annual ravages of flooding. Operation Foresight's emergency measures were helpful but makeshift. Colonel Richard Hesse of the Army Corps of Engineers admits: "The work has been done in great haste and does not meet acceptable standards in most cases." In the long run, says Hesse, flood disasters will persist until local governments prohibit building on lands annually threatened by inundation. More holding dams and reservoirs must also be built to control the rampaging rivers. Until that can be done, substantial parts of the Midwest can only try to tread water.

## THE CITY: ECHOES OF MEMPHIS

CHARLESTON, S.C., is a city of antebellum mansions with brass knockers, walled gardens and wrought-iron gates. In spring, the stately peninsula city with its long sense of history is a snug, unharried haven for tourists. Charleston's generally docile Negroes and unpugnacious labor unions have blended well into the Old South texture. But this spring the blacks and the unions have both begun to change, and with them, Charleston.

Disturbing the stagnant peace are more than 350 black hospital employees, most of them women, most of them of limited education and skill, who work as nurse's aides, practical nurses, orderlies, kitchen help, janitors and maids. The majority earn between \$1.30 and \$1.60 an hour. They are striking two hospitals, making the issues not wages and working conditions, but simply union recognition and the right to collective bargaining.

**God-Given Rights.** Medical College Hospital and Charleston County Hospital have remained open, but the community is cruelly split over the issue. Volunteers, both black and white, are helping to keep the hospitals going. The city's newspapers have editorialized against the strikers, accusing them of "playing the racism theme" and being "the victims of professional agitators"—an allusion to support from the New York-based Local 1199, Drug and Hospital Employees Union. Almost submerged is the far more relevant question of how to cope with stoppages by public employees in institutions affecting the public welfare. To Dr. William McCord, president of Medical College Complex, which includes the hospital, the answer is simple: "It is our intention to resist this union in its attempt to get in here with every legal means at our disposal. Make no mistake about that." McCord, who was brought up in Africa, where his parents were medical missionaries, prefers to deal with employees on an individual basis.

The strikers are equally adamant. Nurse's Aide Mary Moultrie, the strike leader, who was arrested last week during a demonstration and has remained in jail, promises "demonstrations, confrontations and more activity on the picket lines for as long as it takes." Aside from 1199's help, the workers were pleasantly surprised by support from predominantly white South Carolina labor groups, some of which have been traditionally standoffish toward Negro organizations. White clergymen have been active in a citizens' committee raising funds for the workers. Says Father William Joyce of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church: "We are promoting the humanitarian, God-given right of people to organize for their own protection and betterment."

S.C.L.C.'s involvement, the character and condition of the strikers, the au-

thorities' reaction to the challenge—all sound macabre echoes of the sanitation strike last year that beckoned Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. to his death in Memphis. As if to persist in the grim parallel, the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy, King's successor at S.C.L.C., has promised to appear in Charleston this week and hints that the contest, generally non-violent so far, will grow more intense. "I've been to jail 23 times," he says. "I'm just itching to make it 24." Coretta King, the civil rights leader's widow, acting as honorary chairman of the National Organizing Committee of Hospital and Nursing Home Employees, last week announced her support of the strikers.

**Evolution in Customs.** The strike started with the dismissal of twelve union members from the state-run 550-bed Medical College Hospital. They claim that they were fired because of their union activities, a charge denied by the hospital administration. Then the strike spread to the 150-bed County Hospital. There have been more than 160 arrests.

A settlement seems distant. The strike leaders cannot even find anyone with whom to bargain. They were advised that legally there was no one in the hospital management empowered to deal with a union; it just has not been done in Charleston. Then Governor Robert E. McNair told union representatives that the state cannot treat with them because their wages by law come under the jurisdiction of the state legislature. Later, when challenged by the union, the hospitals backed off, saying that there was no written statute prohibiting negotiation, merely a long-standing tradition against collective bargaining by state-connected agencies. But, as the strikers have shown, customs do evolve, even in Charleston.



STRIKE LEADER MARY MOULTRIE  
Surprising support from some whites.



# THE WORLD

## BEHIND NORTH KOREA'S BELLIGERENCE

It was the 57th birthday of Kim Il Sung, Premier of North Korea. The downed U.S. Navy aircraft and the 31 American victims were in a way a grim birthday present from his own armed forces. Some analysts believe that he requested the present—that he issued instructions for another incident at the right moment, a sort of flying *Pueblo*. What makes Kim and his regime act that way?

Partly it is opportunism. Kim understands what might be called "Small-Power Power." Minor countries can now act recklessly toward each other or major nations because, given the nuclear stalemate, the superpowers do not dare retaliate violently lest they set off a general holocaust. Thus Kim Il Sung dared attack the U.S., and there is evidence that he also defied Russia—which does not desire a new Korean war any more than does Washington. For all their power, the U.S. and Russia found it difficult if not impossible to restrain him.

**Impressively Armed.** Kim chafes because 16 years after the end of the Korean War, the U.S. maintains two divisions in South Korea, a shield behind which the Seoul government has developed a strong army and a thriving economy. Kim has promised to reunify Korea by 1970. He must know that he is not likely to achieve that goal. But he is evidently willing to let a number of men on both sides die while he maintains the myth—and makes it increasingly uncomfortable for the U.S., deeply engaged in Viet Nam, to keep up its position in Korea.

A small country (the size of Mississippi) with a population of 13 million, North Korea is impressively armed and viciously anti-American. Over the past few years, Kim has singled out the U.S. for opprobrium unmatched by any other Communist nation: "Tear the limbs off the U.S. beast," he urged last year. "Behead it all over the world."

Visitors to Pyongyang are impressed by the prevalence of uniforms on the streets—and the constant stress on the need to hate the U.S. Yoshi Hisano, a Japanese businessman who was in Pyongyang the day that the U.S. plane was downed, reported that for a few hours last week the capital was in a surprisingly cheerful mood. There were numerous parades, fitted out with the standard banners and placards in honor of Kim's birthday. Early that evening, however, radio and television announcers spat out bulletins on what they called North Korea's "brilliant battle success," and the birthday cheer was replaced by the all-too-familiar shouts of "Liberate the South!" and "Down with U.S. Imperialism!" During Hisano's two-week stay, he visited a nursery for preschool children in the capital and was astonished to hear them chanting hate-America slogans. Their drawings, pasted on the wall, featured burning American planes and tanks.

For older children, military training is part of the curriculum. In Pyongyang's Youth and Student Culture Palace, visitors watched primary-school children firing at wooden targets on which pictures of American soldiers were pasted.

At a high school, Japanese newsmen observed an air-raid drill. "You never know when those Americans might wage war on us," said one of the teachers.

**Virulent Animosity.** The seizure of the *Pueblo* 15 months ago and the downing of the EC-121 last week were only the most conspicuous expressions of hatred for Americans. Along Korea's Demilitarized Zone, for instance, North Korean infiltrators long have concentrated on the small American-held sector of the line. Last year 15 G.I.s died fighting invaders from the North; this year the pressure has continued.

North Korea's armed forces constitute a formidable foe. The regular army comprises an estimated 345,000 men, backed up by a militia force of about 1.5 million. Most infantrymen carry Soviet-designed automatic weapons, including the AK-47 automatic rifle that proved so effective in Viet Nam, and Kim has some 800 tanks, well over half of them supplied by the Soviet Union. The air force boasts about 30 late-model MIG-21s, at least 450 earlier-model MIGs, and perhaps 70 IL-28 jet bombers. Kim has no major naval vessels, since the fleet's mission is mainly coastal patrol.

In part, Kim's virulent animosity toward the U.S. can be traced back to the early days of the Korean War when North Korean troops, after scoring startling initial victories, were chased all the way north to the Chinese border by American and allied forces. The North Koreans were rescued only by the late-1950 infusion of hundreds of thousands of Chinese "volunteers." Now



NORTH KOREAN YOUNGSTERS BAYONET EFFIGY OF G.I.

Ready to let men die on both sides to fuel a myth.



PREMIER KIM IL SONG



Kim sees the U.S. as the great obstacle to his hope of reunifying Korea on Communist terms. Beyond this, Kim seems to be a great congenital hater; the path to his present power is strewn with the bodies of once-trusting comrades.

**Soviet Training.** The early years of his career, like those of many other Communist leaders, are shadowy. He was born near Pyongyang in 1912. In the '30s, as Japan tightened its hold on Korea, he fled with his parents to Manchuria. There he joined Communist Chinese guerrillas fighting the Japanese, then moved on to the Soviet Union. During the '40s, he underwent Soviet military and political training in Khabarovsk, a major city in Soviet Asia, and had his name changed from Kim Sung Chu to Kim Il Sung, after a highly respected anti-Japanese Korean guerrilla leader of the previous generation. His new name helped: at the end of World War II, when the Russians brought him back to Korea uniformed as a Soviet major, many Koreans believed that he was the original Kim Il Sung. Over the next several years, Kim worked hard to consolidate his position. In 1948, after U.S.-Soviet negotiations on reunification had finally proved fruitless, the Democratic People's Republic of Korea was proclaimed. Kim Il Sung became its Premier.

He has held that government post ever since, keeping down prospective rivals by a combination of ideological purges and secret police pressure. By the mid-'50s, he achieved control over the party as well. Kim has created a personality cult that rivals Mao Tse-tung's: his grinning, moonfaced visage adorns homes, offices, schools, government buildings and factories in true Maoist—or Stalinist—profusion. Kim has borrowed ideas from both Communist giants. His own Great Leap Forward, named the *Chollima* (Flying Horse) Movement, began with almost precisely the hoop-la that greeted Peking's 1958 Leap and suffered a similarly ignominious fate. From the Soviet dictator, he took the idea of the Stakhanovite worker—and that brutalizing concept is at the heart of North Korea's economy today.

The method has produced results. The nation's gross national product increased by an average 10% per year from 1962 to 1964, and is now running at about half that rate. Western Korea-watchers believe that there have been sizable gains in electrical power, coal and steel production and the chemical and cement industries. North Korea's growth might be more impressive if Kim did not feel it necessary to plow 31% of the G.N.P. into defense.

Life in North Korea is austere, humorless and regimented. While most reports indicate that there is enough rice to go around, other staples seem to be in short supply and consumer goods are tantalizingly expensive. The average worker in heavy industry makes some \$30 a month, while Pyongyang stores offer ready-made, synthetic-fiber suits for \$19 to \$27. Locally made wristwatches sell for \$39, a sewing machine



YOUNG NORTH KOREANS LISTEN TO POLITICAL LECTURE  
"Tear the limbs off the U.S. beast."

for \$111. Plastic shoes are available at \$2 a pair, but leather shoes cost \$8 to \$10. Pyongyang is a sterile, spartan city, studded with Russian-style buildings and almost totally devoid of Western-style night life.

**Uneasy Friendships.** Kim makes a fetish of self-reliance, and North Korea's relations with its two great Communist neighbors have been spotty at best. The Soviet Union liberated Kim's domain from the Japanese, yet North Korean textbooks barely mention the Russian role. In 1950, Chinese Communist troops rescued Kim's forces from probable extinction at the hands of the U.S., but a war museum in Pyongyang gives the briefest mention of Chinese assistance.

Between 1953 and 1960, Sino-North Korean relations were much warmer, and Peking extended an estimated \$590 million in aid and grants to the war-ravaged country. In the early '60s, however, friendship turned to resentment, largely because of Chinese pressure on North Korea to side with Peking in the Sino-Soviet split. In 1965, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin stopped off in Pyongyang on his way home from a visit to Hanoi. Apparently he struck a bargain with Kim Il Sung, for Soviet aid increased sharply and Kim's policies began to lean away from Peking. In 1967, Soviet military aid to Kim's regime amounted to \$75 million, and in the following year rose above that.

**Red Guard Insults.** Despite this help, North Korea is anything but a Soviet satellite. Kim has refused to dispatch a delegation to Moscow's conference of the world's Communist parties this June. He remains equally cold to the Chinese, neglecting to send even a routine message of greetings to Mao's Ninth Party Congress, currently in progress in Peking. He has a good excuse: the Chinese barely acknowledged North Korea's

20th-anniversary celebrations last year, and during the carefree days of Red Guard rioting Kim was assailed as a "disciple of Khrushchev" and a "fat revisionist." Until late last week, in fact, the Peking press had failed to report a single detail of North Korea's latest anti-American escapade.

That was scarcely likely to disturb Kim, who unwaveringly believes that if he keeps on humiliating the U.S.—and pointing up its reluctance to retaliate—the ties between Seoul and Washington will melt away. Indeed, South Korea was angry and unhappy last week over Nixon's mild response to North Korea's latest act of aggression. Kim also hopes that the steady flow of infiltrators he sends south will eventually damage Seoul's fast-growing economy by frightening away potential foreign investors and force the government to put more money into armaments.

It seems doubtful that Kim will order his army to march over the 38th parallel in the next several months. However tempting the prospect of a quick success might be, such a decision would be folly without full Soviet backing. North Korea's army is almost wholly dependent on the Soviet Union for supplies, ammunition and replacement parts and, by joining in the search for possible U.S. survivors, Moscow has demonstrated its disapproval of Kim's adventurism. So Kim will likely be confined to a continuation of the tactics that have worked so well in recent months: steady harassment of U.S. and R.O.K. troops along the cease-fire line, sporadic attempts to slip infiltrators into South Korea in the hope of stirring up peasant insurrection and, above all, humiliating the U.S. by pouncing on the occasional American aircraft or ship that strays unescorted or weakly armed within range of his guns.

## END OF THE DUBČEK ERA

ALL week long Czechoslovakia had braced itself for major political changes, and now an announcement was expected on TV. While waiting, Czechoslovaks were forced to watch the first Soviet film shown since the invasion, a potboiler entitled *The Man Without a Passport*. Finally, the familiar visage of Czechoslovakia's white-haired President Ludvík Svoboda flashed onto the screen. In an emotion-laden voice, the old general told his countrymen what most of them had been grimly expecting to hear for months. Alexander Dubček, who last year led his country into its short-lived "Springtime of Freedom," had been removed from office under pressure from the Russians.

After imploring the people to remain calm, Svoboda introduced the Central Committee's choice to take over Dubček's post as Party First Secretary: Gustav Husák, 56. In a short speech, Husák promised that Czechoslovakia would not return to the Stalinist repression of the 1950s, but he also stressed that he would allow no recurrence of the recent anti-Soviet riots that brought the Russians once more to the verge of crushing the country by force. "Some people imagine that freedom has no limits, no restrictions," he said. "But in every orderly state, there must be some rules of the game. Laws must be kept, social, Party, and civil discipline observed." There was little doubt that Husák, a canny, strong-willed man, had the temperament for enforcing the rules.

**Careful Balance.** As part of a major overhaul of Czechoslovakia's governing apparatus, the 190-man Central Committee also abolished Dubček's old 21-man Presidium. It was replaced by a new eleven-man Presidium, whose mem-

bership reflected the careful balance of the new political arrangement. Only two outspoken liberals remained, Svoboda and Dubček, who was given the largely honorary position of President of the new federal National Assembly. The hero of the liberals, former National Assembly President Josef Smrkovský, was dropped from the ruling group after his own admission of errors, which was published in the Party newspaper.

The Presidium also contains two conservatives, who were among ten Czechoslovaks absolved by Party decree last week of any treachery in collaborating with the Soviets after the invasion. But the majority of the members, including Husák, are drawn from the ranks of the so-called realists who, while they may be liberals in theory, regard co-operation with their Soviet overlords as the only practical course for the country. Clearly, the Russians had sought to install a new government that would do their bidding while still retaining the broad if grudging support of the Czechoslovak people.

**No Demonstration.** Just as if his emissaries had not aided the changes, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev sent his warm congratulations to Husák. So did most of the other East Bloc leaders. Predictable protests came from the West, the loudest of them voiced by the West European Communists, who had seen in Dubček's liberal form of Communism an opportunity to enhance their own appeal to voters in their own countries.

Extra police, reinforced by Czechoslovak troops, were on duty in Prague and other cities to cope with demonstrations, but there were none. The students, unable to decide what to do, did nothing. Similarly, the workers staged no protests. Though they previously had threatened strikes if Dubček or Smrkovský should be demoted, union organizations issued an appeal for all Czechoslovaks to "avoid rash acts."

**Dangerous Drift.** The calm resulted in part from apathy, hopelessness and fear. In the wake of the March 28 riots that were touched off by the Czechoslovak team's victory over the Soviets in the international ice-hockey finals, the Russians had made it clear that, in the event of another major demonstration, they would send in their tanks. Another cause was the fact that Dubček no longer commanded the fierce loyalty that had united and inspired the Czechoslovak people six or eight months ago. Unnerved and physically exhausted, Dubček in recent weeks has withdrawn almost entirely from public life. Though sympathizing with his plight, many Czechoslovaks felt that his emotional make-up was poorly suited to the daily strain of coping with Soviet demands; they believed that toward the end he had allowed the country to lapse into a dangerous period of drift and indecision. A tough Husák, they hoped, might be able



GUSTAV HUSÁK  
Reward for a "realist."

to bargain more skillfully with the Russians and more effectively protect Czechoslovakia's interests.

Even so, Dubček's ouster represented the culmination of a tragedy for Czechoslovakia. Dubček had not sought to overthrow Communism; he wanted only, in his words, "to give it a human face" by removing needless abuses and brutalities. For a time, it seemed as if the tall, soft-spoken Slovak might succeed. Channeling a groundswell of discontent among both intellectuals and workers against the Stalinist regime of President and Party Boss Antonín Novotný, Dubček in early 1968 managed to overthrow the old order and institute the most far-ranging reforms and freedoms that had ever been attempted in a Communist country.

Under Dubček, Czechoslovaks experienced an exhilarating release from 20 years of police-state repression. New laws were enacted that granted rights ranging from freedom of the press and speech to the privilege of traveling abroad and emigrating. Artistic and political expression bloomed, and the country pulsed with hope and excitement. But Czechoslovakia's new ebullience frightened the Soviet and other East Bloc leaders, who feared that their own people would demand similar reforms. At a Warsaw Pact summit meeting in Dresden in March 1968, East German Boss Walter Ulbricht reportedly waved his arms ominously over the other Party leaders, warning: "We will all soon be in danger, if not swept out of office." Soviet tanks, of course, averted that eventuality and ended Dubček's stirring, if perhaps hopelessly utopian experiment in mingling democracy and Communism.

**Required Ritual.** Because of his following among the Czechoslovak people, the Soviets kept Dubček in office, but they forced him to do their bidding until he was so discredited in the eyes of his people that he could be shoved aside safely. At the end, Dubček as-



ALEXANDER DUBČEK IN HAPPIER TIMES  
Culmination of tragedy.

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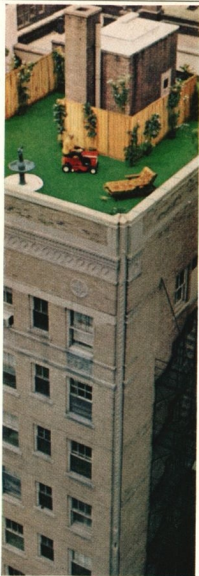
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**HOFFMAN LAWN & GARDEN**  
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## "Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's burgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.



Capt. Maude commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race.

### From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool—or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet...and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPIING...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first...the rest, nowhere."



CUTTY's jury rudder.

### The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.

And the reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste.

Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: the taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.



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sisted in his own demise. In a long and rambling speech, Dubček told the Central Committee of his love for the Soviet Union. True to the ritual demanded of deposed Communist officials, he confessed his failings. "I share in the responsibility for all that happened in the last few months," he said, asking to be relieved of his high office. He nominated Gustav Husák as his successor.

By a huge margin, the Central Committee installed Husák in the country's most important post. Because of his willingness to cooperate with the Soviets, some Czechoslovaks call him "Husák Rusák" (Husák the Russian)—and even sing a ditty that translates roughly as "A new Russian came back./And his name is Gustav Husák." Such taunts may be quite unfair to a man who obviously feels that only a firm policy can spare Czechoslovakia from a far worse fate than it now experiences at the hands of the Soviets. "I may be called the executioner of freedom," said Husák to the Central Committee. "But one does not get ahead with a popular policy, being nice to everyone. We have to struggle without mercy for [answers to] questions we have agreed to solve." The main question, of course, is how to fend off Soviet threats of direct intervention. One danger in Husák's approach is that he will impose an overly harsh rule on his hapless country.

**Fervent Nationalist.** If the Soviets think they have found in Husák a pliable János Kádár, their Hungarian puppet, they are probably mistaken. Determined and unbending, Husák is likely to be as tough with the Soviets as he is with his own people.

An austere widower whose only apparent indulgence is a fondness for expensive gold-rimmed eyeglasses, he smokes only the cheapest brands of Czechoslovak and Bulgarian cigarettes. Born of peasant stock, he joined the Communist Party at 16 and rose to a top Party post before his arrest during the Stalinist purges of the early 1950s. Released in 1960 after nine years in prison, he worked on a construction gang and in a warehouse until his political rehabilitation three years later. He allied himself with Dubček's reform program by stepping forward as the first major political figure from the old era to denounce the deposed Novotný for his role in the purges. Dubček appointed him a Deputy Premier. After the invasion, Husák began to shift his position. He lectured about the "darker side" of democratization and applauded the reinstatement of travel restrictions. Said he: "Borders must be borders, not a promenade."

Despite his threats and perhaps unnecessarily severe attacks on Dubček, Husák, a political liberal and fervent Slovak nationalist, remains committed to the "positive aspects" of what is left of the reform program. Though he used the term "counterrevolutionary" to refer to dissident Czechoslovaks, his own nine years in a Communist prison are

thought to have left him with an abhorrence of police terror and political arrests. In all likelihood, Czechoslovakia will not win back its freedom under Husák, but that is beyond the country's power anyway. At the very best, the new Party leader may be able to strike a working arrangement with the Russians that will reduce the constant peril of renewed Soviet military intervention and bloodshed and perhaps lead eventually to a further withdrawal of the occupation force.

## WEST GERMANY

### Demolishing a Shibboleth

Despite disagreements on other issues, West Germany's major parties have religiously respected the Federal Republic's No. 1 political taboo—that Bonn should never consider or discuss recognition of the East German regime of

PETER LANGENBACH



WILLY BRANDT

*Willing to think about the unthinkable.*

Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht. Now that shibboleth of two decades has been demolished. In search of a campaign issue in next September's national elections, the Free Democratic Party—which has shucked its old conservative image for a daring almost New Left look—has already declared that it favors recognition of East Germany. Last week, in a slightly hedged manner, Willy Brandt's Social Democrats also came out in favor of recognizing the existence of the other Germany.

The new willingness to think about the unthinkable reflects a widespread restiveness on the part of many young West Germans over the division of the country. Since Bonn's old method of trying to isolate East Germany has not brought unification any nearer, many West Germans want to try some other way of pulling the two halves closer together.

**Two States.** The attitudes could have an important effect. The recognition issue might strengthen the bridge between the Free Democrats and Socialists, whose joint action in electing a new West German President two months ago signaled a willingness to work together. Already the issue has begun to cause friction in the Grand Coalition between the Socialists and their senior partners, the Christian Democrats. The extent of the disagreement is likely to become more evident this week when the Bundestag opens a debate on the East German question. The Free Democrats, whose 49 Deputies constitute the only opposition in the Bundestag to the Socialists and Christian Democrats, want West Germany to sign a treaty with East Germany that would recognize each state as a separate and sovereign political entity "within the German nation." The Free Democrats have found sympathizers among about one-third of the delegates to last week's Socialist congress in Bad Godesberg. Two important regional delegations even pushed for a resolution similar to the Free Democrats' program. But Brandt and Deputy Chairman Herbert Wehner tempered the Socialist stand somewhat while still coming out in favor of accepting East Germany as a political fact of life. Read the Socialist resolution: "It would be unrealistic to deny the existence of the other part of Germany or not to take cognizance of the political realities."

The Christian Democrats, who have ruled West Germany either alone or in coalition since its founding in 1949, still bitterly oppose recognition of East Germany. "The Free Democrats," charged C.D.U. Deputy Ernest Müller-Hermann, "are a band of guerrilla fighters who do the bidding of the other side behind the backs of the government." Warning against a sellout to the Communists, Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger derisively tagged the Free Democrats as the "Anerkennungspartei"—party of recognition. The Christian Democrats argue that recognition would imperil the security of isolated West Berlin by undermining the allied guarantees for the city, legalize the Communist hold on East Germany and sanction the permanent division of the country.

**No Assurance.** According to confidential government polls, 51% of West German voters still feel much the same way (v. 29% in favor of recognition and 20% undecided). There is, as Christian Democrats point out, no assurance that recognition would bring the two Germanys any closer together. In fact, if Ulbricht behaves according to past form, any West German offer of more intimate ties will only cause him to withdraw even farther behind the walls and barbed wire that fence off his land. Much as he would love full recognition for his regime, Ulbricht fears that a closer relationship with his free and rich neighbor might weaken his grip on the East Germans.

## FRANCE

### The Politics of Risk

Before Charles de Gaulle vowed to resign "without delay" if Frenchmen reject his proposals in the April 27 national referendum, the polls showed an apathetic and uncertain electorate: 52% undecided or determined to abstain and the rest almost evenly divided. Last week the first poll taken after the general's ultimatum turned up results that would dismay a lesser man. A full 40% of the voters had not yet made up their minds, and the rest were still divided. Only 52% intended to vote *oui* for De Gaulle's program—and therefore for De Gaulle himself.

The government's concern was reflected in a massive campaign. Finance Minister François-Xavier Ortoli promised no new taxes this year. Defense Minister Pierre Messmer announced that the government was considering lowering compulsory military service from 16 months to twelve. The Ministry of Interior prepared 29 million pamphlets explaining the referendum—one for every voter in France. Applying what has always before been the clinching argument, Minister of State Roger Frey drew a frightening picture of a France without De Gaulle: "To vote no or to abstain is to vote for the Communist Party, to compromise France's economic recovery, and to sabotage the defense of the franc."

Paris' *Le Monde* had a word for that: "Blackmail." The Gaullist scare tactic further distorted an already complex referendum that lumps three disparate issues in one take-it-or-leave-it package. The main component is De Gaulle's plan to shift power from Paris bureaucrats to newly created economic regions. Along with this popular measure,

voters are asked to endorse De Gaulle's plans to strip away the Senate's powers and shift the line of presidential succession from the President of the Senate to the Premier—a De Gaulle appointee. Thus put, the packaging has roused the *nons* to fierce opposition and drawn to their side ex-Minister of Finance Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Senate President Alain Poher, who last week was stumping the countryside in defense of "the separation of powers."

By far the most fascinating question has been raised by De Gaulle's threat of *après moi le déluge*—since for once there is no deluge in sight. Instead, Frenchmen have a visible alternative to De Gaulle in ex-Premier Georges Pompidou. He loyally rejects the proposition that a no vote on the referendum is a yes for himself, and last week was out campaigning vigorously for De Gaulle's program. Nonetheless, his presence on the hustings could only allay any fear of post-De Gaulle chaos and give voters a choice in deciding whether the general had perhaps cried wolf once too often. As unlikely as that may seem, it is a question that may keep Frenchmen in suspense until the last votes from the countryside come in.

### The Nation in Miniature

The small, cheerful town of Briare lies some hundred miles south of Paris on the Loire River. Briare boasts the largest and most modern pheasant farm in all France and a sprinkling of diverse industry: a tile factory, a plant making laboratory instruments, another producing furniture. Briare's real distinction, however, is invisible. In the past six national elections, the men and women of Briare have voted within a few percentage points of the entire French nation. To attempt to discover

how Briare will vote in the April 27 referendum, TIME Correspondent John Blashill spent several days in the town and filed this report:

To most of Briare's 5,140 people, the referendum seems awfully remote. Hardly anyone except Mayor Henri Dabard, a brisk ex-World War I fighter pilot, talks about it in terms of regionalization or senate reform. Instead, Briare will be voting *oui* or *non* on De Gaulle, just as it has in the previous four referendums the general has staged since 1958.

**Winning the Works.** Down at the Café de l'Agriculture, on the corner of the Place de la République and the Rue de la Liberté, the talk turns easily to the mayor himself. The men around the bar call Dabard "our own little De Gaulle" and yarn about his imperious tactics. The new water works? Ah, well, Dabard knew that the town council disapproved, so he appointed an independent commission to "study" the plan. To no one's surprise, the commission thought the project was splendid, and Dabard signed a construction contract. The council protested, but the mayor was ready. "If you question my judgment," he told the councilmen, "it means I no longer have your confidence. Therefore, I will have to resign." The council backed down, as expected.

However authoritarian his methods, Dabard is fond of his fellow villagers. In the bargain, he knows their voting habits. "They are good people," he says, "and they represent the opinion of the country." As a rule, Briare has given a third of its vote to the left, two-thirds to De Gaulle. This time, the margin may be narrower. Dabard predicts 60% approval. Why? "We've lost our national spirit," he says. "France cannot be governed except by a strong authority. We have found the authority, but we don't like it any more." That is no small admission, coming from a pocket-size version of De Gaulle.

**Taxing Life.** There is little doubt of voter unhappiness with the general. The shopkeepers of Briare claim that they are being taxed out of existence. Pierre Renaud, who runs a combination pharmacy and tobacco shop, must pay five different kinds of taxes and fill out separate forms for each. "Those forms," he says, "make for many nights of insomnia." His uncle, Maurice Renaud, who runs an appliance shop down the street, must fill out only three sets of forms but is much more outspoken. "De Gaulle is a liar," he says. "He's too expensive, he has delusions of grandeur. I'm ready to kick him out. I'm going to vote no, and it will be the first time." A Briare attorney, a Gaullist, plans to vote against the referendum because he believes "it would be better for De Gaulle to leave now, while everything is relatively quiet, so there can be an orderly transition. If he dies in office, God only knows what will happen."

The farmers who live near Briare



BRIARE'S CHILDREN GET A HELPING HAND

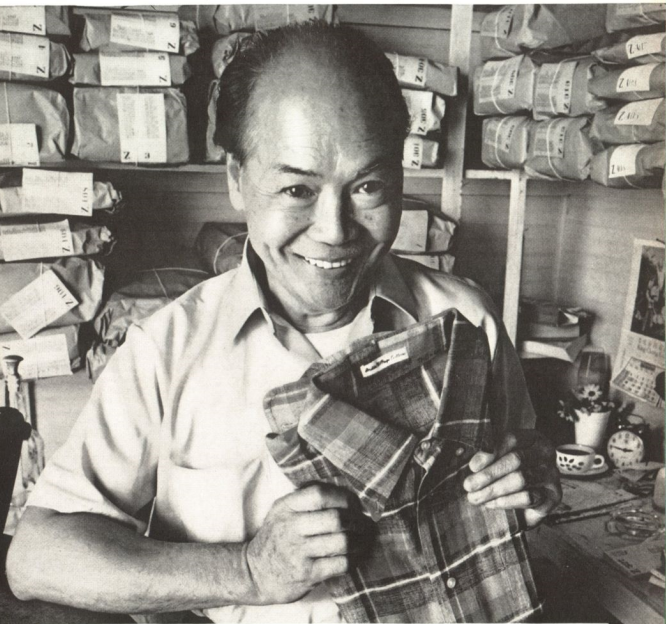
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So effective that Lark's Gas-Trap actually reduces certain harsh gases by nearly twice as much as any other filter on any other popular brand, bar none.

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or new 100's.

seem more indifferent than the villagers. Maurice Vanjan, who keeps 50 cows on 50 hectares, says his ballot will be blank. "The referendum," he says, "tries to put too many things together. It's too complicated for yes or no." Briare's local Communists—Dabard puts their total vote at 421 or 422—are fond of their autocratic mayor. "He's done a lot for the town, for the workers," says Lucien Delsarte, a Communist labor leader employed by the Otis elevator factory at nearby Giens. But Delsarte and his fellow Communists will vote against De Gaulle's proposals. "I have nothing against him," Delsarte says. "It's his policies we despise. They're antisocial, antiworker, antipeople. They serve only the interests of big capitalism."

If Frenchmen voted the same way they talked, the impression is that Briare will reject the referendum's proposals. I found only two people, the mayor and an insurance man, who said they would vote yes. Everyone else—workers, farmers, shopkeepers and professional men—said they would either vote no or cast a blank ballot. But Frenchmen have a way of confounding opinion seekers. Pierre Renaud, Briare's pharmacist-tobacconist, perhaps expressed it best. "The French are a funny people. They always complain a lot but usually vote *oui*." In France, it is the mind that does the talking but the heart that does the voting.

## NORTHERN IRELAND

### Gospel of Devlin

On a platform, she appears slightly hunched, her reddish-brown hair tumbling over her shoulders, gray-blue eyes flashing. She speaks in a rapid monotone. The words that tumble out are impassioned, provocative and to her fervent followers not a little messianic.

The campaigner is 21-year-old Josephine Bernadette Devlin, who six short months ago was a psychology student at Belfast's Queen's University, and a scruffily dressed one at that. She still wears her clothes "back to front or upside down." But in predominantly Protestant Ulster, she has become the spokesman and symbol of a Roman Catholic minority fighting discrimination in jobs, housing and voting rights—and against the policies of the ruling Unionist Party. Last week she triumphed over a Unionist opponent in a by-election, and on her 22nd birthday this week she will walk into Britain's Commons as the lady M.P. from Mid-Ulster, the youngest woman ever to sit in the House. She is the most colorful and delightful newcomer on the British political scene in a long time.

Her arrival will probably be a more traumatic experience for the august chamber than for Bernadette. Says she: "I'll just walk into the House of Commons and say that the peasants have come into their own."

Bernadette is no peasant, though she comes from a poor family. She is in fact a remarkably poised and savvy

political leader to whom activism is nothing new. As a schoolgirl, she recalls, "I organized little filibusters and things like raiding the library in protest against book-lending rules that we thought were unreasonably strict. We would remove whole shelves of books at a time." Her talent found a larger stage during street clashes between Roman Catholics and Protestants last fall, and she could be seen organizing marchers and pleading eloquently against violence. The pleas were in vain, as evidenced by last week's clash between Roman Catholic marchers and police in Londonderry; 30 demonstrators and 40 policemen were injured.

When student civil rightists decided last winter to form a political movement called People's Democracy, Bernadette was one of the founders. Dur-



WINNER BERNADETTE  
Back to front or upside down.

ing Ulster's February general election, she ran against the minister of agriculture. She lost but drew a surprising third of the vote and "learned from the experience that you can succeed in getting through to people if you try hard enough." Her second opportunity came in last week's by-election, made necessary by the death of one of Northern Ireland's twelve M.P.s. The Unionists, following tradition, nominated the M.P.'s widow, Mrs. Anna Forrest, who politely declined to hold public meetings. In what was immediately headlined as "the petticoat election," Ulster's rival Roman Catholic parties united behind one candidate, Bernadette.

**Protestant Crossover.** On the theory that "clinical efficiency never beats enthusiasm for a good cause," she proved a natural campaigner. Offstage, she was wholly unpretentious: "If they raise taxes, it doesn't bother me, because I don't have any money. But if they put up the price of cigarettes again, I'm done." Onstage, she talked of civil rights

and social justice and handled hecklers with dispatch. Asked if her leftist views extended to abortion, she shot back: "I'm not quite sure what the questioner means by abortion, but as far as I am concerned, it means 50 years of Unionist rule in Northern Ireland."

After each meeting, her organizers urged listeners to "spread the gospel—the gospel of Devlin," in essence an appeal for workers to forget religious differences. On one occasion, Protestant extremists pelted her mobile platform with tomatoes, eggs and stones. She demanded and got police protection and returned on election eve to deliver her message, a display of courage that quite possibly clinched the result. In an astounding turnout of 91.78%, Bernadette won by a majority of 4,000, indicating that she had managed to bring out the entire anti-Unionist vote, including some 1,000-1,500 Protestants.

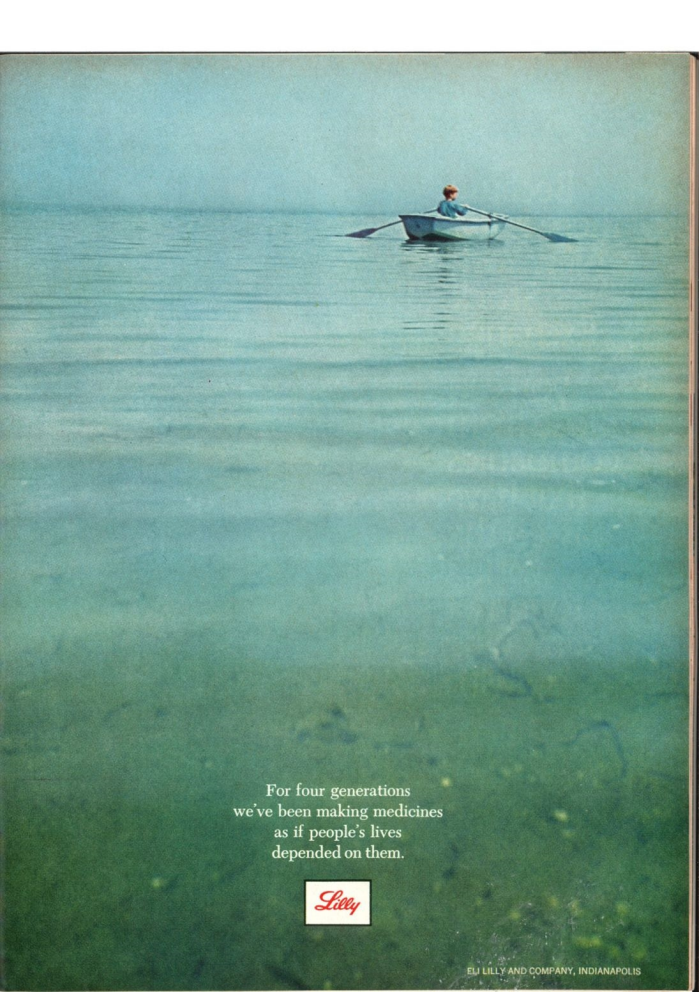
It was a heartening start on what she and the People's Democrats see as their main task: winning over Protestant workers and thereby advancing the destruction of the Unionist Party, "however painfully or painlessly." Ulster's tradition of voting along religious lines has stunted the development of conventional opposition, thereby keeping the bedrock conservative Unionist Party in power. In Bernadette's eyes, Northern Ireland's Prime Minister Captain Terrence O'Neill, for all his moderate stance, is as dedicated as anyone to maintaining that voting pattern and the status quo, with all its inequities for Roman Catholics. The threat she now presents to O'Neill and his followers is that in London she is bound to get an attentive hearing among British progressives for her views. She will also collect \$7,800 a year as an M.P., though, as she says, "it will be some time before I can keep a straight face if they call me the honorable anything."

## SOUTHEAST ASIA

### Those Sanctuaries

Few statesmen have proved themselves so adept at befuddling—and occasionally exasperating—the U.S. as Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's head of state and Southeast Asia's most accomplished political juggler. The Prince's dervish foreign policy has earned him the almost automatic and somewhat derogatory appellation "mercurial." Yet Sihanouk maintains that there is method and consistency of purpose in his maneuvering: to ensure Cambodia's continued survival as an independent, neutral nation in stormy Southeast Asia. As he said recently: "Whether I swing toward the right or to the left is my concern, because I work only in the interests of my country."

Last week the Prince announced a major policy shift, one that has been in the making for some time. He declared that he would resume diplomatic relations with the U.S., ruptured almost four years ago after violations of Cambodia's borders by U.S. and South Viet-



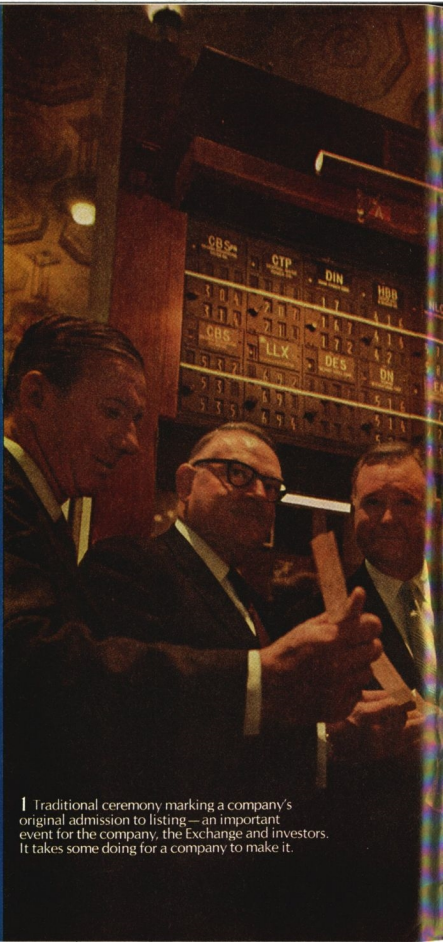
For four generations  
we've been making medicines  
as if people's lives  
depended on them.



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1 Traditional ceremony marking a company's original admission to listing — an important event for the company, the Exchange and investors. It takes some doing for a company to make it.





**2** Exchange examiners look at a company's financial statements, position in its industry, earnings, dividend record, distribution of its stock.



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(why stoop to others?)

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And that's nice. But . . .

Not everybody fixed their roofs.

You see, if you don't cut back on the roof line and then curve the rear end, you've still got grief getting in and out.

You can't stand up straight, without getting a knock in the noggin.

So you still have to stoop in. And stoop out.

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A step up. A step in. And you

can sit right down, naturally. Our thoughtful built-in bumper step helps, too.

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**Putting you first, keeps us first.**

name troops.\* Sihanouk's announcement followed a U.S. pledge of recognition and respect for Cambodia's independence "within its present frontiers"—a commitment the Prince has long demanded from Washington as the price of resuming diplomatic ties.

**Infiltration Worries.** The main reason for the *rapprochement* can be found in the evolution of the Viet Nam war and its spillover into Cambodia and Laos. Over the past six months, the Prince has become increasingly concerned about the presence of thousands of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops on Cambodian soil. With a Viet Nam settlement a possibility, he wants to call attention to the intruders—if only to make sure that he will not be stuck with them when the war ends. In 1954, when

\* He is also cautiously maneuvering toward a *rapprochement* with neighboring Thailand, a traditional enemy in Cambodian eyes.

the French Indo-China War ended, he managed to negotiate the withdrawal of Viet Minh forces from Cambodia; he seems to be setting the stage for a similar maneuver now. "There are Vietnamese infiltrating Cambodia, and I am deeply worried," says the Prince. After years of denying the presence of Communist forces in his country, that was quite a public admission by Sihanouk.

North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong began using Cambodia and Laos as conduits for manpower and arms early in the war. Eventually the Communists set up sanctuaries inside the two countries for rest, regroupment and tactical movement. The allies used airborne, side-looking radar, electronic listening devices and ground patrols to keep track of Communist movement. The Pentagon's belief is that more than three Communist divisions are now operating out of Cambodia and that more than two divisions are deployed in Laos.

**Diplomatic Liabilities.** A little more than a year ago, General Creighton Abrams, now the U.S. commander in Viet Nam, ruled out the idea of large allied ground forays against Communist concentrations outside Viet Nam as too fraught with diplomatic liabilities; he also maintained that they made "no military sense." But undoubtedly the problem troubles him greatly: every time the subject of Cambodia comes up, says one source close to Abrams, he "clenches his teeth." More than a few U.S. commanders would like nothing better now than to take a crack at the sanctuaries, wherever they might be. "It is axiomatic that if you are going to defeat guerrillas, you have to deny them their base areas," says one general.

The allies so far have launched no major ground operations in Cambodia and Laos. Their activities, except for aerial bombardment in Laos, are essentially confined to small, mixed U.S.-South Vietnamese patrols that steal across the border to pinpoint Communist concentrations. In Laos, such reconnoitered targets usually come under quick air attack; U.S. bombers fly about 300 sorties a day into that country with the tacit approval of neutralist Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma.

In Cambodia, where the U.S. does not bomb, except for tactical strikes against gun positions that fire into South Viet Nam, the patrols carry out scouting and occasional sabotage against Communist bases. There is no military coordination as such between the allies and the 35,000-man Cambodian army. But along parts of the border, the two sides have reached "local accommodations"—including at least one instance of Cambodian artillery support for a beleaguered South Vietnamese outpost. Some intelligence information has also been exchanged. Indeed, Cambodian troops have been involved in small skirmishes with Communist forces. For all that, Sihanouk is not likely to permit sizable allied units to cross the border and go after Communist sanctuaries or bomb inside Cambodia. Militarily or dip-



U.S. HELICOPTER NEAR CAMBODIAN BORDER  
A method to his maneuvering.

lomatically, he can ill afford such a turn-about against the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong, with whom he continues to maintain friendly relations as part of his balancing act.

U.S. intelligence claims that a string of at least ten Communist base areas stretches along the Cambodian border with Viet Nam, stockpiled with enough supplies to last two divisions several months. The sanctuaries are well-dispersed, camouflaged, defended by antiaircraft guns, and are said to contain training as well as rest camps. U.S. officers claim that as much as 60% of Communist supplies for III and IV Corps, the southern areas of South Viet Nam, now are funneled in via the Cambodian ports of Sihanoukville and Kep.

**Gondola Cars.** The Ho Chi Minh Trail complex through eastern Laos, an area firmly in North Vietnamese and Communist Pathet Lao control, remains the other major supply route. Intelligence estimates that 7,000 to 10,000 North Vietnamese troops monthly filter south. Truck sightings have risen fivefold since the U.S. bombing halt over North Viet Nam: up to 1,000 vehicles are spotted daily, moving north and south. Recently an allied patrol even uncovered a railway track in Laos reaching to the northwestern edge of South Viet Nam. Gondola cars on the line were pulled by men or by trucks.

Eventually, the Paris negotiations must include Cambodia and Laos on their agenda. A settlement strictly confined to South Viet Nam would not necessarily ensure complete North Vietnamese withdrawal to the North: conceivably Hanoi's forces could simply pull back into their old sanctuaries in Cambodia and Laos, there to wait for another chance to invade after U.S. troops had withdrawn. That would be anathema to Sihanouk and Souvanna Phouma, as well as to the U.S. In effect, it would mean no settlement at all.





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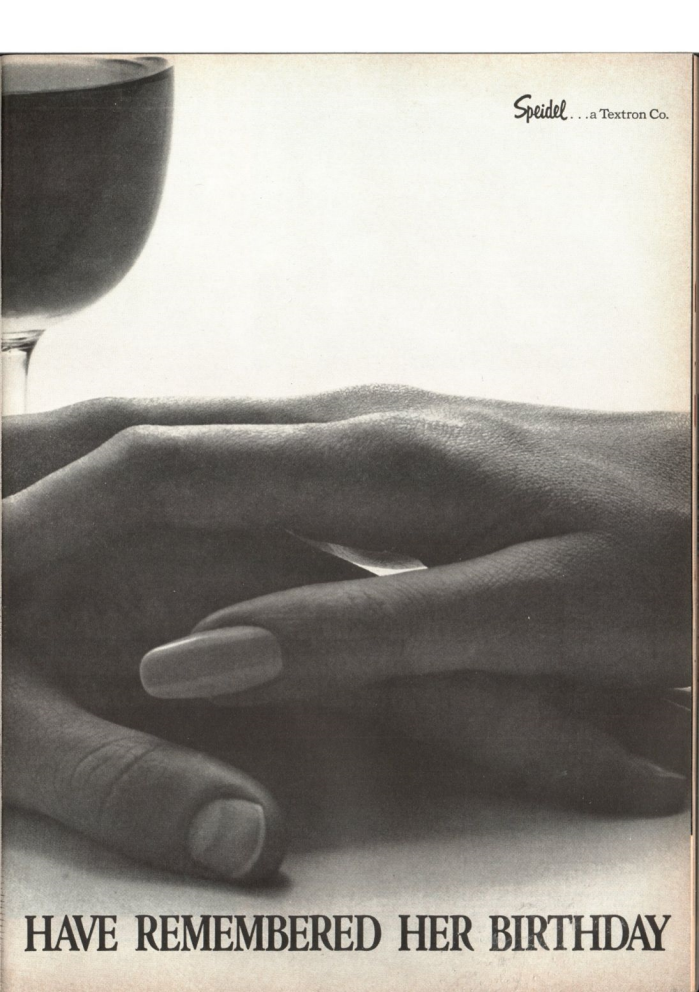
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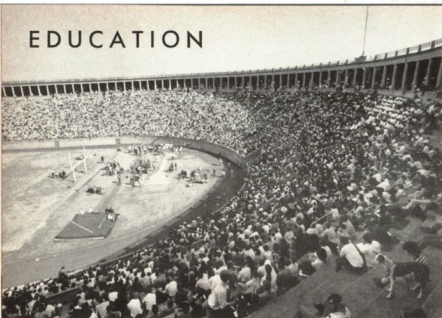




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**HAVE REMEMBERED HER BIRTHDAY**

# EDUCATION



STUDENT MEETING IN SOLDIERS FIELD

## Universities: A New Balance of Power

**W**HO rules Harvard? According to the university charter, final authority is vested in the 32-man board of overseers, or trustees; in practice, most major policy decisions are handled by the Harvard Corporation, a seven-member council that includes President Nathan Pusey, Treasurer George Bennett and five alumni (who choose their own successors). But the six-day student strike, an event for which the administration was ill prepared, subtly changed the balance of power at Harvard. Each element in the academic community in turn asserted its right to speak for the university and to prescribe cures for the institution's ills. To foment the crisis, Students for a Democratic Society had raised two issues: ROTC and university expansion. These were the specific topics of debate. Underlying these themes, though, was the larger question of how the university should be governed—and who should govern it.

**Athenian Democracy.** The Harvard Corporation offered its prescription on Sunday, three days after the police "bust." Five moderate students were invited to present their views to the corporation at the Quincy Street residence of President Pusey. Then the corporation created a new, 68-member advisory board of students, professors and administrators to consult with the president in times of crisis. The corporation reiterated its support of last February's faculty decision to strip ROTC of academic credit and ordered a fresh report on the university expansion program, which is accused by many students of dispossessing poor blacks from their homes. Finally, the corporation suggested that it might close the university if there are further disorders. The man in the middle, Nathan Pusey, had already re-

ceived strong support from alumni. Next day, he received a vote of confidence from the board of overseers. Though they endorsed Pusey's actions and sustained the corporation's positions on ROTC and expansion, the overseers promised to re-examine the proper role of students and professors in Harvard's decision-making process.

Initially the students were in an angry, anti-administration mood; 8,000 of them gathered in Soldiers Field for an extraordinary mass meeting. When a motion repudiating the right of the corporation to close down the university was introduced, the chairman ruled it out of order. The students demanded that it be presented anyway, then passed it with an overwhelming "Yes!" that bounced off the stadium walls like a football cheer on an autumn afternoon.

The Soldiers Field meeting, called by an *ad hoc* committee of moderate students, looked like a modernized version of Athenian democracy, set appropriately beneath the neo-Doric colonnade that rings the top of the stadium. Three microphones in the stands let the crowd reply to statements piped over loudspeakers from a moderator's table set up outside one end zone. Red-shirted tellers in the audience counted standing votes, then passed results to yellow-jerseyed section men who ran the totals to girls operating adding machines.

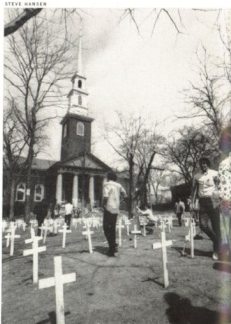
The students approved a list of tough new stands, including abolition of ROTC; no further university expansion without the consent of citizens facing dislocation; establishment of a student-faculty committee to recommend changes in Harvard's government; and direct election of the corporation by students, faculty and alumni. The students also backed a new demand by Negro undergraduates that Harvard's infant black-studies pro-

gram be made more "meaningful." Then they voted to continue their strike for three more days.

The professors, many of whom were annoyed because the administration did not consult them before ordering in the police, spoke at two faculty meetings broadcast live on WHRB, the student radio station. In the presence of Pusey and Arts and Sciences Dean Franklin L. Ford,\* the professors agreed on the make-up of a faculty-student committee to review Harvard's governing process. The faculty also supported the conclusions of a report on expansion prepared by Professor of Government James Q. Wilson at the administration's request and issued last December. Among the conclusions reached by Wilson's committee: Harvard should establish a powerful new administrative position, that of vice president for external affairs. Two days later, the professors voted overwhelmingly that Harvard should abandon all official ties with ROTC and no longer allow it any special privileges or facilities on campus.

**End of the Strike.** At week's end, the students reconvened in Soldiers Field and agreed to suspend their strike for seven days. The faculty's resolution on ROTC had removed the sting from that issue—though not as far as the extremists were concerned; they set up a mock graveyard, planting wooden crosses in front of University Hall. Shortly before the students met, the corporation

\* Who later was hospitalized with a circulatory ailment after the underground paper *Old Mole* published another revealing confidential document from the Harvard files. In a letter to Pusey, Ford attacked the faculty's decision to take credit away from ROTC and suggested ways of circumventing it.



MOCK GRAVEYARD AT HARVARD  
The larger issue was who should rule.



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had given them further encouragement by announcing that it would strip ROTC of all but extracurricular status. The corporation was also trying to persuade the Cambridge courts to drop criminal charges against most of the students arrested in the bust, and it promised to find housing for families displaced by Harvard Medical School expansion.

Neither students, faculty nor administration could claim a clear-cut victory in the Harvard strike. Student radicals had to admit that their demands were not fully met. The decisions of the administration had been repudiated by moderate students and faculty alike. What did seem clear was that Harvard's students and professors were demonstrating their ability to influence the university's future. The brightness of that future depends largely on how well the academic community of Harvard, with its long-established tradition of teaching, has learned the lessons of its very recent past.

## Dealing with Disruption

Even to a nation which is becoming accustomed to news of campus unrest, it was a week to be worried about. In addition to the turmoil at Harvard, there were sit-ins or strikes at Stanford, Columbia, Cornell, Atlanta, Kent State in Ohio, Queens College in New York, Mount St. Mary's in Maryland, Albright College in Pennsylvania, Southern University in Louisiana. The potential dangers from continuing disorders at U.S. schools was brought into sharp relief when the American Council on Education, which represents 1,500 institutions and associations of higher learning, issued a stern four-page warning to the universities. "The academic community," the Council said, "has the responsibility to deal promptly and directly with the disruptions."

**Realistic Codes.** The statement was drafted by a small group of university heads and foundation officials, including Nathan Pusey of Harvard and Father Theodore Hesburgh of Notre Dame. It conceded that there were legitimate causes for student alienation, but deplored the "cult of irrationality and incivility" that has developed, warned that students who violate the law "must be prepared to accept the due processes and the penalties of the law."

The educators feared that "if universities will not govern themselves they will be governed by others." The current wave of student unrest, unless solved by the schools, could lead to backlash legislation that would be harmful to the universities. Thus the Council urged its member institutions to carry on with curriculum reform and develop a more open pattern of governance, and to create realistic disciplinary codes in cooperation with students and faculty. Police action may sometimes be necessary, the report noted, but it is better that universities "deal with disruptive situations" before it becomes necessary to bring in the forces of the law.

## Campus in a Cruel Month

*Harvard in the spring is usually a beguiling vision of academe as it ought to be. Blossoms and youthful aspirations flower under the warming sun; the beauty of old buildings and young people complement each other in striking harmony. This year is different. TIME's Boston Bureau Chief, Gavin Scott, offers this description of the concerned, uncertain and defiant mood of the Cambridge campus a week after the occupation of University Hall.*

HARVARD Yard was a mosaic of confused activity as the university moved into its second week of crisis. The throb of rock bands echoed from the old walls, sometimes drowning out the rhythmic chants of black militants, often punctuated by the harsh rasp of bullhorns blaring out strike messages. The walled yard had the air of an ancient red brick city under siege. White sheets emblazoned with STRIKE in bold red letters hung from the windows of freshman dormitories and classroom buildings. Strike posters and copies of the anti-administration underground paper *Old Mole* were stapled to the venerable elm trees and pasted to the great door and massive columns of Memorial Church.

Spotted here and there were improvised tables on sawhorses, manned by enthusiastic undergraduates and burdened with pamphlets and revolutionary literature. Students, many with the red strike symbol of a clenched fist silk-screened on their shirts, stood around in groups, arguing the issues, advancing theories as to the outcome. The trampled turf of the yard was littered with many of the 750,000 broadsides mimeographed by S.D.S. As one cynical grad student put it, "Getting the grass to grow again is more important than any of their demands."

**Lesson for the Day.** Observance of the strike varied widely. Some classes were half empty; others were nearly at capacity. In front of Sever Hall, 75 pickets patrolled with signs reading "U.S. Out of Viet Nam" and "The Corporation is the enemy of the Vietnamese and American People. Don't Scab." To avoid violating the picket lines, some professors moved their classes outdoors. In one physics lab, someone had chalked on the blackboard: "No classes today—no ruling class tomorrow." The instructor told the five students present that the phrase constituted the day's lesson.

The atmosphere at S.D.S. headquarters on the top floor of Emerson Hall was a little like that at one of Fidel Castro's Committees for the De-

fense of the Revolution in Havana. Emerson buzzed with frenetic activity, the intense conversations punctuated by the thunk, thunk, thunk of two hard-working mimeograph machines. On the wall hung a great poster portrait of Lenin, and stairways were decorated with slogans and placards. One sign read: "A revolution without joy is hardly worth the trouble." Members of "political brigades" churned frantically up and down the stairs, hurrying to and from endless "rap sessions" with students in dining halls and junior common rooms.

Not even rain could dampen the fires of militancy. On Wednesday, 50 members of Harvard's Afro and Afro-American Society marched around University Hall, shouting under the drizzle, "Hey, hey, we're all on strike. Four times. Strike, strike, strike, strike!" Some walking barefoot, they called up to students in the dormitories to join them. Filtering through the stalled traffic of Harvard Square, the marchers wound up in front of President Pusey's house on Quincy Street. There they observed a shouted exhortation to "have a moment of meditation for the outgoing president and fellows."

**A Deflating Balloon.** There were lighter moments. Harvard Yard was twice the scene of a "Music and Light Show." Students projected cool blue and green images on a sheet hung in the archway of Sever Hall, to serve as backdrops for the sounds of two rock groups. Some students danced on the sidewalks. There was a whiff of pot in the air. A poster announced: "Truth is music is love and all of us together."

As the week ended with the student vote to suspend the strike, tension suddenly deflated like air rushing from a balloon. Students applauded in relief when the Harvard stadium meeting was adjourned. As the crowd moved to the exits, a few undergraduates started tossing a football around. Others quietly fashioned paper planes from *Old Mole*. With a track meet scheduled for the next morning, someone asked students over a loudspeaker to stay off the field lest they tear up the cinders—and they did. As they trooped back across the Charles to the houses, there was the appealing prospect of a weekend of rest to remedy onrushing exhaustion. Psychologist Jerome Bruner evoked the mood. "None of us is blameless and none of us has the whole good," he said. "We're much more conscious of things we believed were peripheral but are not peripheral. People have taken possession of themselves. It is a time to be inventive."

## PEOPLE

### The Kennedy of Hickory Hill

SET back from a crescent-shaped driveway, the white Georgian manor sits atop a grassy knoll, its bright red door beckoning in the sunshine of an early Virginia spring. The air is vibrant with the commotion of shrieking children and barking dogs at play beneath budding oaks and hickories. A woman—joking, chiding, cajoling—bustles in and out of the house, chatting with friends who come to visit, taking on an older child at tennis (and winning), carrying a beer to a gardener on the 54-acre grounds.

It is a familiar domestic scene. A passerby would hardly give it a second glance—except for one fact. This is a Kennedy home: Hickory Hill, the domicile of Ethel Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy's widow, mother of his eleven children. And what happens in the life of a Kennedy automatically becomes the object of universal fascination.

The apotheosis of the Kennedy family has created whole new categories of national history, mythology and gossip. It started with Jack's rise to the presidency, and his death by an assassin's bullet in Dallas. It became even more tragic as Bobby reached for his brother's mantle, only to be cut down himself. It continued with the agonizing trial and conviction of Sirhan Sirhan, Bobby's assassin. It promises to grow with the senatorial prominence and presidential prospects of Ted Kennedy.

Somehow, Ethel Kennedy has remained just outside the glare of publicity. She is one member of the family whose every move is not chronicled, whose private life is not public property. According to a recent Gallup poll, Americans regard her as the country's most admired woman.\* It is an assess-

ment born of sympathy, not knowledge. The public does not know her today. Perhaps it never did. Since that grim night in Los Angeles ten months ago, she has lived almost entirely in the seclusion of Hickory Hill and Hyannisport, breaking into the news only in December, when she bore her eleventh child.

Yet those close to Ethel and to the life she has reconstructed regard her with something approaching awe. She has, they contend, emerged in many ways as the most remarkable member of her remarkable family. New York's Senator Jacob Javits describes her with absolute conviction as "the greatest of the Kennedys, male or female."

#### Mistress of the Ménage

It is a surprising conclusion, considering the picture that Ethel presented while her husband was alive. In the giddy days of the New Frontier and after, she was known as the prankish clown of the clan, the exuberant athlete ready for any gambol, the nonstop, miniskirted supermom who exemplified all the headlong, slightly manic "vigah" of the Kennedys. Ethel was the hostess who presided gleefully when Arthur Schlesinger Jr. was pushed, fully clad, into the swimming pool at a Hickory Hill party. She was the mistress of a wacky ménage that included even more animals than children—Brums, the huge Newfoundland of nippy disposition, the wandering armadillo that broke up tea parties, the pet hawk that once landed on Mrs. Averell Harriman's wig. She was the dinner-party cutup who once, in mock jealousy at the attention a high Government official was paying another woman, tossed a candleholder at him—to the obvious distaste of Jacqueline Kennedy, the regal sister-in-law with whom she had so little in common.

There was nothing terribly wrong with anything Ethel said or did, except that she seemed to lack a certain substance. That was the impression she generally made: a little harsh and sharp-tongued, perhaps, but basically a high-spirited, possibly too rambunctious tomboy. In the ordeal of Bobby's death, even people who thought they knew her well would not have been surprised if the weight of tragedy had crushed her.

Yet beneath the surface of her character lay the qualities that were to sustain Ethel Kennedy and all those around her—an absolute dedication to the duties of wife and mother, a total devotion to her Roman Catholic faith, a steely will and discipline. The Kennedy women are the choral figures in the family's saga. Their lot has been to bear witness and to endure. Each of them has done so with a grace and resilience peculiarly colored by her own temperament. Rose, the aloof matriarch, has achieved almost mythic indomitability.



THE HOUSE AS IT APPEARS TODAY  
After tragedy, a triumph of normalcy.

Jackie has traced an esthetic arc of grief, ending with a stylish whirl into another world. Ethel's special triumph has been to maintain normalcy. She has simply carried on, as best she could, the kind of existence that Bobby would have pursued had he lived. Countless other widows have had to do as much, most of them with less comfort from friends, family and position. Yet to acknowledge this takes nothing away from the energetic galvanism with which Ethel has managed it.

Above the fireplace in her Hickory Hill bedroom hang two framed quotations. One, a description of Aeschylus from Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way*, reads: "Life for him was an adventure, perilous indeed, but men are not made for safe havens." The other, from Ralph Waldo Emerson, says:

*Seek to persuade the sea wave to break—  
You will persuade me no more easily.*

These are the principles by which Ethel believes Bobby lived. They are the principles she intends to carry forward. "Sometimes a seed has to die before it takes," she says. "I will bring up the children the way he would have wanted. He has already established the pattern. They all understand that they have a special obligation. They've been given so much; they must try to give that again. Bobby's life, for example: how much more meaning it had because of what he was able to do in Bedford-Stuyvesant. The people who can't be bothered about those situations—well, there's a whole dimension of life that they're completely missing."

The children are still too young, of course, to be deeply involved in such things. Ethel herself is still observing her year of mourning. She rarely goes out socially, hardly ever appears at public functions. Basically her life is at Hickory Hill. The vast affairs that once



PLAYING TOUCH FOOTBALL  
Stewardship of a legacy.

characterized the place are no more. But her home is still constantly filled with guests of every rank and background, and they find the quality of life there surprisingly unchanged.

Brumus is still in residence. Visitors are welcomed by the same assault wave of small Kennedys tumbling happily down the red-carpeted stairway virtually into their arms. There is always an extra bed in one of the 19 rooms for an unexpected guest, just as there is always another chair—or two or three—at the table. When someone turns up, a few positions are shifted, and the visitor finds himself sitting next to Ted Kennedy, onetime Football Great Roosevelt Grier, Supreme Court Justice Byron ("Whizzer") White, Actress Lauren Bacall—or perhaps a trio of civil rights workers from the South. It all seems so natural, says Dave Hackett, Bobby's prep-school roommate and longtime friend, that "you have the feeling he himself will come walking in."

### Sprint Around the Lawn

Ethel is no longer the prankster she was in days past, when she would string up a dummy parachutist in a tree by way of greeting General Maxwell Taylor, who parachuted into Normandy on D-day. But evenings at Hickory Hill are hardly occasions for quiet conversation. "After dinner, you never just sit around and talk, because she's not comfortable in that type of situation," says a friend. There is always an activity of some sort—charades, games of "who said that?" based on the day's news—or a movie in the playroom by the pool. A recent guest remembers pushing back from the table after a particularly mountainous meal, only to hear Ethel announce "O.K., everybody, let's have a race," and then lead the way at a full sprint around the lawn.

More than any other Kennedy, Ethel has always been obsessed with athletics. Even today, a simple game becomes a do-or-die competition. Last summer, nearly six months into her pregnancy, she was bounding around the tennis court at Hyannisport, playing doubles with Mountaineer Jim Whittaker against Columnist Art Buchwald and Singer Andy Williams. Ethel's team lost. Furious with frustration, she knelt on the court and banged her head on the surface. Next morning, in a rematch, she blasted a forehand across the net at Buchwald so hard that it hit him on the cheek before he could even lift his racket. After that, Ethel's side ran away with the set, 6-0.

Even in the last few months before the baby came, when Ethel was confined to bed by a complication in the pregnancy (it was to be her fifth caesarean), she remained active. She continued to see visitors, oversee the children's activities, keep up with her responsibilities as a member of the board of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Corporation, and make plans for "the foundation," the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial. She also supervised the publication details

of Bobby's book *Thirteen Days*, right down to selecting the kind of paper to be used and vetoing some of the advertising because it stressed Bobby's role in the Cuban missile crisis at the expense of Jack Kennedy's.

All memorial projects have top priority. Two months ago, she made a rare public appearance to attend the unveiling of a commemorative bust of Bobby at the Justice Department. Last month she traveled to New Hampshire's Waterville Valley ski resort for the World Cup competition, which was dedicated to Bobby. She has worked diligently at home on a nationwide series of fund-raising dinners organized to pay off the \$3,500,000 debt remaining from Bobby's presidential campaign.

So far, the fund-raising activities have paid off \$2,000,000 (including a settlement on an \$85,000 bill from the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, where Bobby was killed); Democratic Party resources will take care of most of the rest. Though Ethel will never be less than a wealthy woman, the burdens of being sole head of a large family have nicked into her personal fortune as well. "Ethel spends pretty freely," says a friend, "but now she's going to have to watch it." Accordingly, she has quietly disposed of some family stock, sold a few paintings and trimmed the payroll at Hickory Hill.

Nevertheless, she still has a household staff, counting volunteers and part-time

workers, that numbers around nine. While she does not exactly take this cushion for granted, she occasionally presumes on it. Her tendency to be unaware of how other people live makes her seem demanding at times. She can ask her women friends to help with mail or join in welcoming somebody home from Zambia and fail to understand why they cannot run right over. Yet, as those friends are quick to point out, she is never as demanding of others as she is of herself.

### No Time to Pause

Ethel, three secretaries and three volunteers spend hours every day answering the mail that cascades into Hickory Hill at the rate of up to 100 letters a day. Most replies are typed on Ethel's black-bordered stationery, and she scrawls personal messages on many of them. Never, though, does she sign with the whimsical drawing of a pregnant woman that her acquaintances saw so often in the past. Nor does she send many more of her humorous telegrams and letters, even if her friends do. Her favorite valentine this year was Robert McNamara's—a picture of himself encircled with the motto: "You'll find me under 'Lovers' in the Yellow Pages."

Ethel is up every morning at 7 for breakfast with the children. Before attending Mass, she shuttles youngsters back and forth to school in one of the several car pools her large brood in-



Ethel and Bobby lined up their ten children for a family portrait at Hickory Hill in 1967. From left, they are: Matthew Maxwell Taylor, now 4; Christopher George, 5, a half-day student at Potomac School in nearby McLean, Va.; Mary Kerry, 9, and Mary Courtney, 12, who both attend Stone Ridge Country Day School of the Sacred Heart in Washington, D.C.; Kathleen, 17, a boarding stu-

dent at Vermont's Putney School (and entering Radcliffe next fall); Douglas Harriman, 2, shown in Ethel's arms; next to Bobby, Joseph Patrick, 16, who goes to Massachusetts' Milton Academy; Robert Francis Jr., 15, who attends the Millbrook School in Millbrook, N.Y.; David Anthony, 13, and Michael LeMoynes, 11, who both go full-time to Potomac School. Not shown is Rory Elizabeth.



volves her in. Eight children are at Hickory Hill with her now. She sits down to every meal with them, says the rosary and reads the Bible with them every night. She comforts, counsels and disciplines—quite strictly sometimes. "Once in a while she gets sore as hell at them," says a family intimate, "Bobby never stricks any of the kids. Ethel, I think, has."

Ted Kennedy and a few close friends do what they can to fill a small part of Bobby's role as father. Art Buchwald holds irregular meetings of the "Blue Meanies," and entertains them with picnics, fanciful discussions and mock-secret projects. LeMoine Billings, a prep school roommate of Jack's, recently took Bobby Jr. on a trip to Colombia. And Dave Hackett makes a point of attending each and every Father's Day at all the schools.

Of course, friends can only do so much. As Rose Kennedy points out, the advice that a father could give will be missed over the next 20 years. "Bobby spent so much time," recalls Ethel. "If one of the boys was having trouble just catching a football, Bobby would go out and work with him on it, tell him what he was doing wrong and practice with him until he got it."

Last Christmas, as a surprise for Ethel, the older children composed letters about their father. Wrote David, 13: "Daddy was very funny in church because he would embarrass all of us by singing very loud. Daddy did not have a very good voice. There will be no more football with Daddy, no more swimming with him, no more riding and no more camping with him. But he was the best father their ever was and I would rather have him for a fa-

ther the length of time I did than any other father for a million years."

Outsiders may consider it pathetic, but this feeling is genuine at Hickory Hill and it runs close beneath the surface. Ethel's constant motion provides her own defense against misery. It is painful for her to sit still for any length of time, her hands idle, her thoughts closing in on her. Then her pert features droop, reflecting the ravages of sorrow.

Such moments are rare, and probably always will be. Ethel Skakel Kennedy has been idle for hardly a minute in her life. Even as a child, says her brother Jim, her emotional makeup was "total reaction. The only time she rested, she rested from exhaustion." She was born in Chicago, the sixth of seven children (three boys, four girls). After her father moved his business, the multimillion-dollar Great Lakes Carbon Corp., to New York, the family lived briefly in suburban Larchmont and then on a 16-acre estate in Greenwich, Conn.

#### Mama at Work

George Skakel was a self-made former railway clerk who never forgot his humble origins, and used to caution the family, "We could all be thrown out on the street tomorrow." He usually appeared on the estate in old clothes, and got a great kick out of being mistaken for the gardener. Mother was Ann Brannack, a huge (200 lbs. plus), cheery, moonfaced Irishwoman who relished a joke even more than her husband did—except perhaps when Joey the ram, the family's pet goat, butted her through a glass door. Mrs. Skakel was in dead earnest about only one thing—her religion—and her earnestness there was more than a match for George Skakel's casual Protestantism. She saw to it that all the children were enrolled in parochial schools and, from the age of four onward, went to Mass daily.

Otherwise, a raffish, indulgent and hyperactive atmosphere prevailed in the Skakel household. There were servants, a swimming pool, riding horses, a 35-ft. yawl and another smaller sailboat (significantly named, by Ethel, *Sink or Swim*). The house was always crammed with the children's schoolmates and other visitors, and it was not unusual for 25 people to gather at the Skakels' dinner table.

Though never scholarly, Ethel always got on well at school. "She had enough drawbacks," says Brother Jim, "not to be envied, and she excelled enough to be honored." Athletics were her particular forte. Swimming, skiing, horsemanship—Ethel won competitions in them all, though she doesn't much like to talk about it now. "They were all country-club teams," she says, "and that sounds so trivial in this day and age."

There was nothing trivial—then or now—about Ethel's devotion to her religion. At one point, she thought seriously of becoming a nun (to which Bobby quipped: "I'll compete with anyone, but how can I compete with God?").



WEDDING DAY IN GREENWICH (1950)  
Everything just clicked.

Her sisters recall her sitting on a horse backstage at Madison Square Garden, waiting to go on, frowning intently at a book. In accordance with her sodality pledges, she was finishing up her half-hour's spiritual reading for the day.

The Skakel and Kennedy families first came together around 1940, when the children met at schools. Thereafter, their lives progressively intertwined, as they dated one another, visited back and forth, and went on outings together. Seventeen-year-old Ethel and 20-year-old Bobby met in 1945, at Mont Tremblant, a Canadian ski resort near Montreal. They liked each other ("He was so handsome!" Ethel recalls) and began to date, until Bobby turned his attentions to Ethel's quiet, bookish sister Pat. This lasted a few months by most accounts, but to Ethel it seemed "two years at least." Finally Pat developed other romantic interests. "Then Mama," says Ethel, referring to herself, "went right to work."

#### Keeping in Touch

Not only was Ethel the right girl to draw the shy Bobby out of his shell, but also she had the proper temperament and family background to suit the tightly knit, boisterous and opinionated Kennedy circle. At Bobby's behest, Ethel threw herself with abandon into older brother Jack's 1946 campaign for a House seat from Massachusetts. The year after her graduation from Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart in 1949, Ethel and Bobby—then a law student at the University of Virginia—were married in Greenwich, with Representative John F. Kennedy (D., Mass.) as best man.

From the beginning, theirs was "an extraordinary relationship," says Ted Ken-



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nedy. "With Ethel and Bobby, everything just clicked all the way." In a forthcoming memorial volume, Bobby's sister Eunice Shriver writes: "I hear him on the beach, in his home, on his boat, on the front lawn playing football, at the tennis court—always with the same question: 'Where is Ethel?' He grew out slowly. He was a lonely, very sensitive and unfulfilled youngster. He met Ethel, and all the love and appreciation for which she seemed to have an infinite capacity came pouring down on him. How he blossomed."

They moved through a succession of homes—first in Charlottesville, then in the Georgetown section of Washington, and finally Hickory Hill in 1956—Bobby rising through the capital hierarchy, Ethel raising his children and presenting him with a new one almost every year. No matter how busy either of them became, they were never out of touch during the day. If Bobby was conducting hearings as a congressional committee counsel, Ethel would arrive in the morning, attend the hearings, drive home for lunch with the children, return for the afternoon hearings, then go back home and call her friends to say how brilliantly Bobby had performed. Later, when Bobby was Attorney General, she and a clutch of children often showed up on working evenings at the Justice Department with trays of hamburgers, milk and ice cream.

#### No Neutrality

For Ethel, says Eunice Shriver, "Bobby was everything: the best sailor, the best skier—a hero who could easily climb Mount Everest if he wanted to." To keep up with him Ethel went to some pretty heroic lengths herself. Art Buchwald recalls a camping trip on which Ethel hiked seven miles out of the Grand Canyon in 119° heat: "I didn't think any woman could do that. Maybe no woman but Ethel could."

In one respect, Ethel went Bobby one better—or worse, as the case may be. The word "neutral" had no meaning for her, as applied to the Kennedys. If people were not for her, then they were against her and she against them. Senator Joseph McCarthy, for whom Bobby once worked as a committee counsel, won her favor as a "pal," and she blindly defended him long after he fell into disgrace. But it did not pay even pals to incur her wrath—as another McCarthy, Senator Eugene, learned when he and Bobby became rivals for the Democratic nomination. Encountering Ethel at one point during the campaign, McCarthy leaned down as usual to kiss her cheek. He should have known better. "Hello, Gene," said Ethel icily, extending her hand.

Others on the receiving end of her spite might have been happy with a handshake. When Bobby was Attorney General, Ethel seethed at FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover's ill-concealed disdain for his young boss. So she jabbed away



ON 1966 SUN VALLEY SKI TRIP  
A suggestion for the Director.

at Hoover's sorest point, his running feud with Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker. Into Hoover's personal suggestion box one day she popped a note, signed by her, saying "Parker for FBI Director."

What convictions Ethel held, she held with a fierce tenacity that drove her into any verbal fray, often oblivious of the consequences. Veteran New Frontiersmen remember with mixed amusement and embarrassment that she was the champion asker of gauche questions at the Hickory Hill seminars where Bobby brought his people together with leading intellectuals. Once, seated next to Chief Justice Earl Warren on a plane trip, Ethel launched into a long harangue about the school-prayer issue that was then before the Supreme Court, forgetting that Justices never discuss their current cases. While Warren sat in discomfited silence, Ethel bore down

relentlessly with remarks like, "There is no way to ban God from public schools; God is everywhere." The court's ruling against public school prayer was announced the next day.

Only one thing disconcerts Ethel, and that is flying. Airplanes have brought nothing but tragedy into her life. In 1955, her father asked her mother to fly with him on a business trip to Los Angeles in his company-owned plane. Mrs. Skakel usually preferred to take the train, but this time she made an exception. Near Tulsa, Okla., the plane exploded in mid-air, killing all aboard. Ethel's sister Ann phoned her the news. Ethel was silent for a few seconds, then said: "It's all right. It's all right." Softly, she added: "Goodbye." Ann was momentarily appalled. "Then I realized—this was Ethel's great strength."

Ethel was to display the same stoic fiber eleven years later, when her brother, George Skakel Jr., was killed in the crash of a light plane in Idaho—a crash that also claimed Bobby's close friend and onetime Kennedy aide Dean Markham.

During the bleak period after Jack Kennedy's assassination in 1963, it was Ethel whom Bobby relied on and talked to as he sorted out what to do with his life. "It was so difficult seeing Bobby so miserable," she says. "But we never really talked about pulling out of political life altogether. Bobby used to quote Lord Tweedsmuir on politics' being a very noble calling. It's a way of working directly to achieve the things you believe have to be or ought to be done." Eventually, Bobby returned to politics, first in a successful race for New York Senator, later in his belated campaign for the presidency. "No one else cared as much," says Ethel, and she strongly urged him to run despite the objections of some of his advisers, who thought he should wait until 1972.

#### Giving Comfort

Then her own moment came in Los Angeles. No one who was there will ever forget that it was Ethel, in the first panicky moments after Bobby was shot, who calmly pushed back the surging crowd in the hotel serving kitchen to give him air. Later, as he lay dying, she led a small group of friends and family out onto the roof of Good Samaritan Hospital for a break. Everybody was numb with shock, but Ethel was dry-eyed, her voice was firm, she even managed to laugh.

On the plane that carried Bobby's body back East, Ethel moved down the aisle, placing pillows under the heads of friends, squeezing their arms, kissing them, urging them not to feel bad. In New York, it was Ethel who made most of the funeral arrangements, planning the seating, working out the prayer card, suggesting roles for Leonard Bernstein and Andy Williams, even finding places for the children to stay. She told Archbishop (now Cardinal-designate) Terence Cooke that she accepted



ON 1965 RIVER TRIP IN UTAH  
In giddier days, the clown of the clan.

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BROOKS

Bobby's death as God's will, and therefore she wanted the ceremony to be as affirmative and optimistic as possible.

On the funeral train that carried the casket from New York to Washington, she refused to remain closeted in the family car. Ignoring a friend's urging to go back, she stepped into a car full of Washington friends and officials. After kissing or shaking hands with everyone there, she learned that all the staffers and newsmen who had traveled on Bobby's campaign plane were aboard the train. "I want to see them," she said. A reporter friend told her that they were scattered throughout the train, perhaps 20 cars in all. She insisted, "I'll go see them." And so she did, teasing some and comforting others. After going through the entire train, she returned to the casket, and wept.

### An Unchanging Way of Life

In the weeks after the funeral, there were rumors that Ethel and her children would leave Hickory Hill. Nothing could have seemed more plausible. Why not cast off painful associations and turn away from Washington politics? Why not, in fact, spend some time in international travel and socializing? Ethel would not have it. "No one ever gave a thought to leaving Hickory Hill," she says. "This is where we'll stay."

Clearly, that decision means more than simply remaining in a familiar house. It means sticking with a way of life. In Ethel's mind, her stewardship of that clamorous household symbolizes her stewardship of a legacy from Bobby. Thus she is the driving force behind the Kennedy Foundation, which she determined will be a "living" memorial, appropriate to Bobby's ideals. She is the staunchest backer of the foundation's plan to raise money for fellowships that will enable promising but underprivileged youths to work alongside leaders of their own causes (a young farm laborer, for example, might work alongside César Chávez, the evangelistic leader of migratory workers in the Southwest). "Ethel's the kind," says one associate, "who wouldn't shrink from getting involved with such groups as the Black Panther organization in Chicago." Ethel agrees: "You could always play it safe; take on projects that couldn't fail and no one could criticize. But that isn't the way Bobby lived."

That is why Ethel vehemently supported Ted Kennedy's resolve to forge ahead in politics after Bobby's death. "There never was a thought of his leaving the Senate," says Ethel. "There was never a thought of his retiring from public life. I wouldn't have it any other way." For Ethel, too, remaining at Hickory Hill means resolving, after all the pain and horror that have gone before, to encourage her own sons to go into politics if they are so inclined. "For anyone to achieve something, he will have to show a little courage," she says. "You're only on this earth once. You must give it all you've got."

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# SPORT

## GOLF

### Archer Makes His Bow

Late in the final round of the Masters tournament in Augusta, Ga., last week, spectators following George Archer began shouting, "Charge! Charge!" Recalls Archer: "I said to myself, 'I left my credit card at home. I'll take the cash.'"

Take the cash he did, winning the \$20,000 first prize with putting that was better than his punning. He did not charge. He just ambled along, playing the kind of steady, conservative golf that wins few fans—but lots of tournaments. Indeed, though he was the fourth-highest-ranking pro golfer last year, with winnings of \$150,972, the 29-year-old Californian is one of the least-known top players on the tour. It's not that people don't notice him; at 6 ft. 6 in. and 185 lbs., he sticks out on the greens like a pin placement. It's just that he is short on glamour. "People tell me to grin more," he says, "smile at the TV cameras, show some emotion, wear flashier clothes. But I can't do it. It's just not my style."

Archer's style is calm verging on coma. He never blows up over a bad shot. He never celebrates a birdie. He does not smoke, drink or swear. Before a match, he is often in bed by 9:30 p.m. "I just try to concentrate on my golf," he says, "and I have enough trouble doing that without worrying about my image." Once, when an onlooker cried "Nice shot, honey!" he muttered,

"Thanks, lady," totally unaware that it was his wife Donna. "Maybe," he said, "I should take acting lessons."

He needed all his cool going into the final 18 holes of the Masters. Behind by one stroke, Archer won by playing a cautious par round, while such renowned rivals as Billy Casper, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer were getting lost in the Georgia pines. Archer was in trouble only once—on the 15th hole, when his second shot plopped into a pond for a one-stroke penalty. After coming back with a precision-wedge shot that dropped 13 ft. from the pin, he relied, as he had through the tournament, on his putter. Hunching over the ball, he holed the 13-footer to save his par—and the match.

**Basic Squat.** Archer, who was voted Putter of the Year last season by the golf writers, describes his form on the greens as "a basic squatting position," a technique he developed as a caddy in San Francisco. It served him so well that for three years in a row, he was lowest-scoring amateur in the city's Lucky International Open and soon had himself a sponsor, Eugene Selva, a retired brewery president. Archer was installed at Selva's 5,000-acre Hereford ranch in Gilroy, Calif., where he painted fences and cleaned out the barns in the morning and played golf in the afternoon. The "Golfing Cowboy" turned pro in 1964.

He still lives on the ranch with his wife and two daughters. He does his muscle-toning exercises, thrives on health foods and sleeps on a mattress reinforced with wooden planks. In this atmosphere, the colorful George Archer unfolds. "I love the peace and quiet of the ranch," he says. "The rest of the world is a rat race."

## BASEBALL

### Au Jeu!

It was enough to excite the coolest *gérant*. Right off Mack Jones, the slugger *voltigeur*, hit a *circuit*. A few but *sur balles* later, he collected his fourth and fifth *points produits* with his second straight *coup sur*. But then John Bateman let a *faux ballon* pop out of his *mitaine de receveur* and the trouble began. An *erreur* here, a *simple* there and Dan McGinn, the ace *lanceur de relève*, was rushed to the rescue. But by then it was a whole new *joute*.

So it went last week as the Montreal Expos and the St. Louis Cardinals played the first major league baseball game outside the U.S. If the bilingual announcer in Montreal's Jarry Park sounded slightly strange to the American players, it was no less so for the Canadian spectators. Before the game the loudspeakers repeatedly boomed in English and French: "If your seat has not been installed, please be patient."

Trouble was, the \$3,000,000 program



MONTREAL FANS  
Debut to delirium.

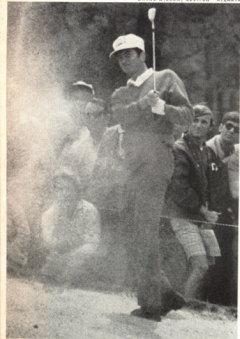
to increase the seating in the park from 3,000 to 30,000 seats is still not complete, and right up until game time Expo General Manager Jim Fanning and a squad of ushers were frantically setting up 6,000 folding chairs. They should have given one to the catchers. Mired in muck up to their ankles, their position was the sloppiest on a field that had been turned into a lumpy, bumpy pasture by the spring thaw. During the day the pitcher's mound sank by a good five inches. Expo Catcher Bateman only half kiddingly suggested that he and the pitchers "wear elevator shoes to stay above ground."

**Sign Wavers.** Though the field was sinking, the spirit of the Montreal fans was not. Wearing the gaudy red, white and blue souvenir cap of the Expos, they turned out 29,184-strong for the historic opening day. But then, neither baseball nor big crowds are new to Montreal. Back in 1948, when it was the home of the top farm team of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Montreal Royals drew 477,664, eclipsing the gate of at least one major league team that year. Even so, last week's game had all the aura of a new and extraordinary happening. As Mayor Jean Drapeau shouted to throw the ball, local photographers shouted to him: "Shoot the puck!"

From the first cry of "au jeu" (play ball), the game was in fact extraordinary. For one thing, the Expos managed to set some kind of freak record by committing three errors on three balls hit by the same player in the same inning.\* For another, they came from behind and defeated the Cardinals 8 to 7. The resulting delirium was just too much for one group of fans who excitedly waved a sign that read: EXPOS—WORLD SERIES OR BUST!

\* In the fourth inning, Cardinal Mike Shannon hit a foul popup, which Expo Catcher Bateman dropped for error No. 1. Then Shannon hit a grounder, which Shortstop Maury Wills let go through his legs for error No. 2. At bat again in the same inning, Shannon lofted another foul popup, which First Baseman Bob Bailey dropped for error No. 3.

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# THE LAW

## LAW ENFORCEMENT

### The Death Squads of Rio

Like policemen in almost every U.S. city, the police of Rio de Janeiro are convinced that their country's legal system makes it difficult and sometimes impossible to convict criminals. Furthermore, there is no capital punishment, and no matter how serious the offense, a convict never serves more than 30 years. Some of Rio's cops think that the coddling of criminals has gone so far as to become unendurable. Taking the law into their own hands, they have formed small, clandestine death squads, and now execute any criminal who they think has cheated the law.

Last year nearly 200 criminals were found dead in and around Rio, and the death rate shows no sign of slackening so far this year. In the last two weeks, nine new murders of hoodlums were in the local news. The details of their deaths were grimly familiar. Found on lonely roads outside the city, some of the victims had their arms tied behind their backs. The bodies of at least two were marked with cigar burns. Two more had nylon ropes looped around their necks. One man had been shot five times in the mouth, another three times in the neck; a third had been riddled with 38 bullets of various calibers. In all, 102 bullet holes were found in the nine bodies. It was a foregone conclusion that the torture murders would never be solved.

**Red Rose.** In official statements, Rio police have frequently and vociferously denied that they have anything to do with the killings; they claim that warring gangs are to blame. Last week, however, a *TIME* correspondent reported that several lower- and middle-echelon police officers have admitted to him that death squads are indeed manned by off-duty cops. They claim that the majority of hoodlum killings are disguised gangland slayings, but they concede that many are summary police executions. According to one informant, who was a charter member, the first squad was organized in 1958. It was a tightly knit group of 16 policemen who rubbed out an average of a hood a week for six years. When their most famous member was finally killed by a gangster, the squad stayed together long enough to avenge his death (the gangster's body was ravaged by some 100 slugs), then gradually went out of business.

It has now been replaced by less tightly organized groups that have sprung up spontaneously in different police districts. According to one police captain, victims are usually murderers, armed robbers, dope peddlers or auto thieves. A man is generally marked for death on the basis of his record and the likelihood that he will escape just punishment in the courts. Once condemned, he is picked up, sometimes as he leaves



VICTIMS OF THE ESQUADRÃO (1968)

For some, summary execution with 100 slugs.

a police station after being released for lack of evidence. Usually he is taken to a remote jail, where he is held under a false name for a week in case his disappearance upsets any important friends.

If the kidnaping goes unnoticed, the victim is taken to an isolated spot, beaten or tortured, and then killed by a salvo of bullets fired by all the assembled cops. A *coup de grâce* is finally administered above the ear, and often a piece of paper is left by the body bearing a skull and crossbones and the initials E.M.—the sign of *Esquadrão da Morte*. Sometimes there is also a note saying "I pushed marijuana" or "I was a car thief."

Shortly afterward a man known as "Red Rose" will call police reporters and tell them where the body can be found. (Rose was nicknamed after telling one reporter that he got "an almost sexual pleasure from seeing a .45 bullet in a riddled body, blood bursting from the wound like a red rose from the earth.") As a result of all the violence, the Rio gangsters have not surprisingly begun to fight back. They have already executed several cops in direct imitation of the death-squad style.

## LEGISLATION

### Making Transplants Easier

Novelist Grace (*Peyton Place*) Metalious, who died in Boston in 1964, willed that her body be given to either Dartmouth or Harvard medical schools. But Massachusetts law required the consent of the next of kin for any such donation. Grace's family said no, and the bequest was not carried out. This led a five-judge New Hampshire court, which ruled on a second disputed clause in the will, to note in passing: "The need for appropriate statutory provision to implement the desires of the dying to aid the living is increasingly urgent."

Now that doctors are attempting or-

gan transplants with ever increasing frequency, the need has become even more urgent. Aware of the shortage of transplant organs, legislators across the nation are acting with unaccustomed speed to make it easier to donate organs after death. Last year Massachusetts changed the law that stood in the way of Grace Metalious' gift. At least 35 states from Maine to Hawaii have introduced legislation based on a model law, the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act. Last week, the Governor of Vermont signed a bill closely resembling the Uniform Act, which was drafted last year by the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws (a group of lawyers appointed by state Governors). So far, the legislatures of 16 other states have passed similar statutes.

**Rapid Decisions.** Unlike his car, his home or his stocks, a man's body has, traditionally, not been considered property that may be bought or sold—or willed. While some states permitted such donations, others gave greater weight to the wishes of a dead man's relatives. As in the Metalious case, the next of kin, who have a recognized authority to provide a decent burial, could often manage to have the gift of a body revoked.

The Uniform Act establishes the right of any person of sound mind, 18 or over, to donate his body—effectively preventing relatives from vetoing the gift after death. Moreover, the legislation should make possible the rapid legal decisions that are necessary for organ transplants. For one thing, it allows a man to donate his body through any "written instrument," not necessarily a will, thus providing a way around the delay of probate. The law also permits survivors to donate a man's organs; to avoid time-consuming quarrels, it lists relatives in an order that determines whose wishes will prevail (spouse, adult children, parent, etc.). Anyone who

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wants to donate organs may carry a card that will, when he dies, be satisfactory authorization for transplant surgery.

The model law's framers made no attempt to resolve what has been one of the most controversial points—the question of when a man is considered dead. Because doctors are only now starting to agree on a scientific definition of death, none is included in the act. Instead, the decision is left to the dying man's physician. To avoid a conflict of interest—and overly hasty removal of organs—the attending physician who declares a man dead may not be on the team that performs a transplant.

**Moderate Solution.** Some boosters of transplant surgery feel that the Uniform Act does not go far enough. UCLA Law Professor Jesse Dukeminier Jr., for one, believes that gifts alone will never produce enough organs to meet the growing demands. He suggests a statutory alternative that would permit surgeons to routinely remove a cadaver's organs for transplants unless they are notified that either the deceased or his relatives had expressed objections.

For most Americans, Dukeminier's approach is likely to sound far too radical. In the Christian tradition, as Columnist Max Lerner observed last week, "you wanted your body whole for the day of resurrection." This is no doubt one source of the religious and psychological reservations that many people have about organ donations. Until their attitudes change—and until doctors demonstrate greater success with transplants—the Uniform Act will provide a moderate solution that encourages donations but at the same time recognizes the intent of the dead and the feelings of their survivors.

## LAW SCHOOLS

### A Degree of Status

Early in the 1960s, a small number of law schools began to issue the Doctor of Jurisprudence (J.D.) degree instead of the standard Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.). Soon a few holders of the J.D. discovered that they got job offers ahead of mere LL.B.s solely on the basis of their impressive-sounding degree. The significance was not lost on the American Bar Association, which endorsed the new degree with uncharacteristic haste. J.D.s have proliferated ever since. Without fanfare, more than 109 of the 150 accredited law schools in the U.S. have now switched. Last month Harvard made the change, and last week so did Columbia.

The reason for the popularity of the new degree, says George Smith, assistant dean of the University of Buffalo Law School, is simply "instant status"; a J.D. has learned nothing that an old LL.B. didn't know. Most schools have made the J.D. available retroactively to any alumnus who asks for it—and who pays a diploma fee that averages \$25. Business is brisk.

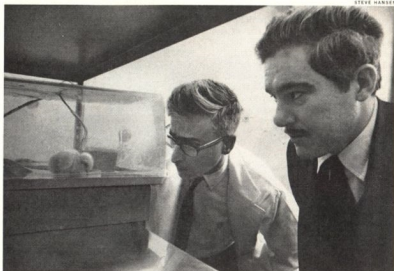
## THE MIND

### Learning Through Dreaming

As Freud saw it, dreams provide psychic gratification for suppressed desires. Researchers in the growing science of sleep-watching suspect that their mysterious function is much broader than that. The latest findings, as presented to the annual meeting of the Association for the Psychophysiological Study of Sleep, are beginning to confirm the link, hitherto experimentally unproved, between dreams and conscious functioning. In dreaming, the experts now surmise, the healthy mind brings its emotional experience to bear on the stress-

Greenberg of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Boston, chicks during this particularly crucial period spend almost all their sleep in REM. Then, for the rest of their lives, they do without it almost completely.

No one really knows for sure whether animals in REM sleep actually dream, but they apparently undergo a learning process. University of California Psychologist William Fishbein has found that laboratory mice taught to expect electric shocks at the end of laboratory alleyways develop amnesia about their painful experience after they have been deprived of REM sleep. It is now provable that the more advanced a creature



GREENBERG & DEWAN WITH CHICK  
*Sleeping on the research.*

es of the day and forges new mental mechanisms for dealing with them when they recur.

The source of this conviction was the discovery of a distinct phase of normal sleep which is known as REM. At fairly regular intervals during the night, the electrical waves of a sleeper's brain become as active as they are during wakefulness, and his eyeballs start and swivel in a series of rapid eye movements (REMs). During these periods of REM sleep, which typically last 20 to 30 minutes, the sleeper is most likely to dream.

**Instinctive Chickens.** One hint that REM sleep may help creatures master and retain new experiences came from research on chickens. Instinct-driven chicks do most of the learning essential to their existence during the first 24 hours of life. It is then that they become attached to one very special cozy object; normally this is a mother hen, but under laboratory conditions they will accept such surrogates as an old shoe or a ball and learn how to recognize them. According to Dr. Ramon

is, the more it can learn—and the more REM sleep it has. Humans in infancy, learning more intensely than they ever will again because everything is new to them, spend 50% of their sleep in REM, compared with 20% for adults.

REM sleep has little to do with certain kinds of wide-awake learning; adults who are deprived of REM, for example, show little or no decline in their ability to think logically or memorize. Nonetheless, Psychoanalyst Greenberg and Dr. Louis Breger of San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute contend that the dreams of REM promote a special kind of "emotional" learning. They believe that most dreams are unconscious responses to recent, emotionally intense experiences. If people are forced to go without REM sleep and its dreams, their ability to handle similar stress experiences the next day declines. In one experiment, Greenberg and two co-workers showed a group of volunteers a grisly bedtime film of an autopsy, measured the emotional tension that the movie provoked, and then let the volunteers have an uninterrupted

night's sleep. When the subjects watched the movie again the next day, their reactions were considerably calmer than they had been the first time. But a test group of viewers, who did not have REM dreams because they were awakened before their brain waves began to show REM activity, could not get accustomed to the film. They watched the rerun with almost as much nervousness as they had shown during their first viewing.

**Programming Patterns.** These tentative experiments lend support to the theories of Physicist Edmond Dewan, who was one of the first scientists to suggest that REM sleep serves to bring into play fundamental computer-like "programming" patterns of the mind. "In higher organisms," Dewan says, "the brain is continually reorganized to meet the organism's current needs." To San Francisco's Breger, the crucial integration of REM is possible because the outside world is cut off and "social constraints" are minimal. In short, says Breger, "if something comes up in your present life that makes you anxious, during your dreams you can integrate it into ways of dealing with similar kinds of problems that are stored in your memory."

The fundamental question of why men dream is just beginning to yield an answer. One still incomplete search involves attempts to discover a link—logical enough in theory—between REM shortages and mental illness. Another is seeking to discover whether REM sleep and dreams activate the forces that unleash creativity or select what people forget. The experts are beginning to suspect that man's future knowledge of dreams will be generated by scientists who have the sense to take their research home and sleep on it.

## PSYCHOLOGY

### Teaching Business Success

The business entrepreneur is a very special kind of achiever. According to David C. McClelland of Harvard's Department of Social Relations, he is "more concerned with achieving success than with avoiding failure." He sees the world as neither benevolent nor malign but neutral, and he never doubts his power to hold his own in the marketplace. He is as readily bored by routine as he is challenged by risk taking—and he knows how to reckon the odds. Such a man is obviously valuable to any economy, but he is also rare. Is there a way to develop him? In *Motivating Economic Achievement*, to be published this month by The Free Press of Manhattan, Psychologists McClelland and David G. Winter of Wesleyan University argue that the seeds of entrepreneurship can be planted with almost ridiculous ease.

To test this hypothesis, which was based on McClelland's psychological studies of the personal characteristics

that make a good entrepreneur, the authors decided to go to India. One reason for conducting an experiment there was that Indian commerce, still locked in the patterns and the fatalism of the past, urgently needs entrepreneurs. Another was that Indian small businessmen, who are suspicious of one another, set in their ways and resistant to change, make particularly challenging raw material. In several cities, McClelland and Winter invited local businessmen to join classes in what they called achievement motivation. Eventually, some 80 accepted.

The course was held at India's Small Industries Extension Training Institute in Hyderabad and lasted two weeks. Everything in the crash curriculum—including games, written assignments and



COMMERCIAL AREA OF RAJAHMUNDY, INDIA  
Planting the seeds with ridiculous ease.

films—was calculated to correct the self-image of men who saw themselves as pawns rather than agents of change. This was, the authors write, "in great contrast to the traditional strategy of trying to show how some ways of doing things are better than others in the hope that indirectly and slowly [the businessmen] will decide on some rational basis to do the better things."

**Composing Epitaphs.** One of the fledgling businessmen's first assignments, for example, was to compose six different answers to the question "Who am I?" These papers were later openly graded for imagination and what McClelland calls *n Ach* content, his shorthand for the kind of motivation that distinguishes the entrepreneur. The aim of the course was to plant "a growing conviction on the part of the person that he can change, that he can take control and direct his life." At brainstorming sessions—a Western invention that the Indian businessmen took to with great delight—they courted the notion, almost

heretical in Indian commerce, that ideas can be traded, like commodities, to the benefit of all. They were required to write their own epitaphs—a statement of self-esteem related more to accomplishment in this world than in the next.

In the two years following the course, McClelland and Winter periodically measured its effect. Some of the case histories, they report, read like Western success stories. A film exhibitor in the city of Kakinada expanded into the ticket-printing business and now supplies 45 theaters in four states. The owner of a small radio shop opened a branch office which he turned over to a woman manager (an unprecedented delegation of responsibility in India), called in an outstanding loan and established a paint and varnish factory.

McClelland feels that his experiment has a number of practical as well as theoretical implications. One is that the instant training of potential business leaders may be a quicker and more painless way of bringing economic motivation to an underdeveloped nation than by indiscriminate infusions of financial aid. The Indian businessmen who were stimulated by his course went on to expand their enterprises, thus creating new jobs and earning more money. Another bonus from the plan is the possible application of the *n Ach* stimulant theory to the black ghettos of U.S. cities. Boston's Behavioral Science Center has exposed a number of adult Negroes to a similar course and has had similarly encouraging results. "The tendency in India, and to a certain extent among black businessmen," says McClelland, "is to think: 'Things are beyond me. There is so much working against me. I can't make it anyhow.'"

**Not for Accountants.** Not everyone will make it, of course, and McClelland is careful to note that *n Ach* is not a quality that can be or even should be instilled in everyone. "Most people think that high achievement in life is caused by high need to achieve," he says. "That is clearly untrue. There are all kinds of achievers in life. The need to be a general is not a need to achieve in the way we define it. And you wouldn't want your accountant to have high *n Ach*." Politicians, like generals, hunger for power rather than achievement, he says. He has now embarked on a study of that need, which he will doubtless call *n Pow*.

"If there is one general conclusion that we hope will be drawn," write McClelland and Winter, "it is that man is not as predetermined in what he can do as social scientists and historians sometimes think. He has greater freedom to act, to change the structure of his response, and find opportunities in his environment than the traditional forms of social analysis would lead him to believe. Somehow, by thoroughly understanding how we are determined, we gain the confidence to act so as to transcend determinism."



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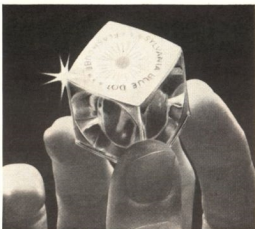
Sometimes it doesn't make us a penny. Take, for instance

**Flop #1:** The Wam-O-Scope—a new kind of radar set that was supposed to be 10 times more sensitive than ordinary radar. (This was because we put lots of little electronic parts right inside the radar tube, where nobody ever put them before.) Theoretically, it worked fine. Practically, it didn't work at all. Which brings us to

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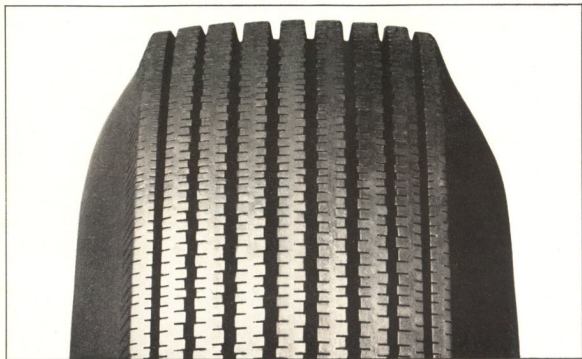
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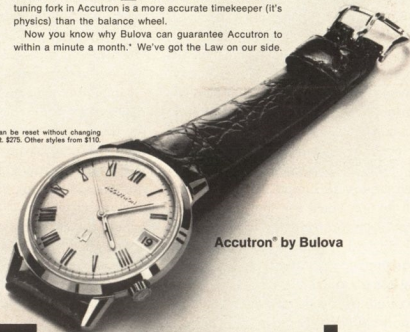
Then there's the Law of Friction.

Balance wheels have oiled bearings, unfortunately. The oil deteriorates, day by day, thereby increasing the friction. And changing the rate of timekeeping. Accutron doesn't have this problem. Its tuning fork has no bearings, so timekeeping isn't dependent upon oil.

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# RELIGION

## ROMAN CATHOLICS

### The Bishops Move

At first glance, the locale—an ultramodern motel complex between the Astro dome and Houston's 57-acre amusement park—seemed strangely at odds with the ecclesiastical nature of the discussions. On second glance, it seemed rather appropriate. In both their deliberations and their decisions, more than 210 of the nation's Roman Catholic bishops last week showed more than ever before that they are deeply concerned with the clamor for change within their church.

For the first time in its three-year history, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops allowed reporters to attend its business sessions. The newsmen were treated to nothing more exciting than, for example, a brief statement of principles by the presiding officer, Cardinal-designate John Dearden of Detroit. Yet even that brief exposure to once secret proceedings underscored the hierarchy's attempt to establish a more open and democratic style. Some of the bishops visited the Houston Space Center, and on the eve of the conference, a dozen of them made an even more extraordinary gesture toward modernity. Journeying across town to Houston's All Saints Church, they met for two hours with 200 Catholic priests, nuns and laymen, many of them identified with dissident causes.

**Taking Guff.** The give and take was so informal at times that some of the participants were actually shouting at the bishops. The prelates, in turn, took their knocks with considerable grace. When he was asked how Catholics could communicate better with their bishops, the

Most Rev. Peter L. Gerety of Portland, Me., replied: "Just yell." One priest complained angrily that he had just been "slandered across the diocese by my bishop." Boise's Bishop Sylvester W. Treinen, for his part, said: "I've taken more guff from priests than I've given."

At the conference itself the bishops not only reaffirmed their deep concern with such social problems as poverty and race but took an important step toward reforming procedures for the annulment of Catholic marriages: for one thing, the marriage court no longer need apply the principle of "moral certitude," or the absence of any doubt. And the churchmen announced that they are considering an almost revolutionary new policy on the most sensitive of issues: money. Many bishops, reported Cardinal-designate Terence Cooke of New York City, head of the nation's wealthiest diocese, approve in principle the idea of making an annual public report to their people on church finances.

## THEOLOGIAN

### The Unheard Mediator

He was a Dutch Catholic who wanted to be "rid of the Roman See and its satellites"; yet in his old age, he was considered for a cardinal's red hat. He believed that priests and monks should be allowed to marry. He argued for liberalized divorce, defended the use of the vernacular in the Mass, and questioned the infallibility of the Pope. He would, in short, be much at home among church reformers today. This month, in Rotterdam, the Dutch began a summer-long celebration marking the 500th anniversary of his birth.

With good reason: Erasmus\* has survived those centuries well. As a humanist of international eminence and a lifelong apostle of Christian renewal, he put a special mark both on the Renaissance and on the Reformation that followed it. More important, many of his ideas about reform and the Christian life seem remarkably relevant today, and the best scholarship on Erasmus has been the work of 20th century historians. The most recent example is *Erasmus of Christendom* (Scribners, \$6.95), an affectionate appreciation by Yale Reformation Historian Roland H. Bainton, best known for his biography of Martin Luther, *Here I Stand*. In Bainton's view, the current revolution in the church makes the Erasmus message even more pertinent—and perhaps more poignant—than ever before.

The illegitimate son of a Dutch priest, Erasmus was sent as a young boy to study with the Brethren of the Common Life in the town of Deventer. The

\* From the Greek, meaning "the beloved." His surname was simply Rotterdamus ("of Rotterdam"), and he later added a first name, Desiderius—the Latin version of "the beloved." Historians are uncertain about his birth date, which may have been either 1466 or 1469.



ERASMUS

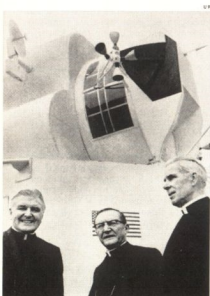
*More pertinent and poignant than ever.*

Brethren were an anomaly in the 15th century church: laymen who lived like monks, they took no permanent vows but observed a strict discipline and worked zealously among the poor. Erasmus was greatly attracted by their spirituality, even though he eventually joined a more conventional religious order, the Augustinian Canons.

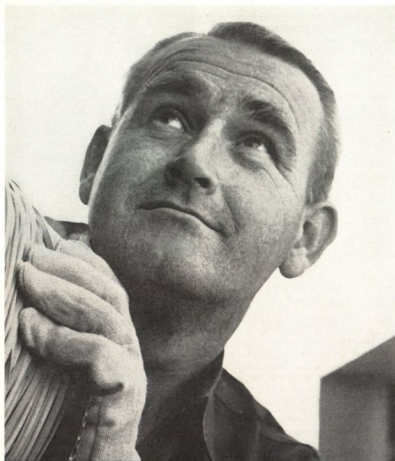
Although Erasmus remained a priest all his life, his interest in the Augustinians did not last long. Discipline interfered with his dedication to scholarship, and he eventually was dispensed from monastic rules. His central concern, apart from classical learning, was the true meaning of the Christian life. A follower of Christ, Erasmus thought, ought to be a spiritual soldier—a theme he explored in one of his first popular books, a volume that he dedicated hopefully to a sybaritic armaments manufacturer. His *Enchiridion Militis Christiani* (*The Handbook, or "Dagger," of the Christian Soldier*) failed to convert the man to a more virtuous life, but it did become a stimulus to Christian liberal reform throughout Europe. It assured the layman that he could be as much a true Christian as any priest—a revolutionary thought for the times. "Monasticism is not a way of piety," Erasmus said. "It is a way of living."

A monk without a monastery, Erasmus was free to travel. On visits to England, he found close friends in Sir Thomas More, John Colet and other noted English humanists. In Italy, he learned Greek, published an extensive anthology of ancient *Adages*, and was appalled at the wars of Pope Julius II against neighboring Christian states. In Bologna, he witnessed Julius' triumphal entry with "a mighty groan," wondering whether the Pope was the successor of Jesus Christ or Julius Caesar.

Much of what he saw was later reflected in a satiric essay on the foolishness of life, called *In Praise of Folly*—now the most widely read of all his



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works. Far more influential during his own lifetime was a new Greek translation of the New Testament published in 1516. Though faulty by modern standards, according to Bainton, it established the proper principles of Biblical scholarship and became "the basis for the great vernacular translations."

A year later, Martin Luther posted his 95 Theses at the Wittenberg Castle church; Erasmus was caught in the ensuing crossfire between the Reformers and the defenders of the Roman Church. He had protested constantly against the abuses of the religious orders, against clerical concubinage, against indulgences, shrines, relics and rote prayers. Thus at first he sympathized with Luther, who, he said, had committed only two sins: he had "struck at the tiara of the Pope and the bellies of the monks." But as a cool, skeptical rationalist, Erasmus was no more at home with Protestant dogmatism than with Catholic authoritarianism. "I cannot be a martyr for Luther," he declared, and set out to be a mediator instead. "I see sedition under way," he wrote sadly. "I hope it will turn out to the glory of Christ. Perhaps scandals have to come, but I do not want to be their author."

**Extremist Sides.** It was not an age for mediators. After Luther's excommunication, criticism of Erasmus' moderate views drove the scholar from the Low Countries. He moved to Basel, but the tyranny of the Reformers there eventually forced him to Germany. "There is more latitude in the Church of Rome," he complained, "than among the heretics." He tried to prevent the schism of England's church, arguing with Roman theologians that it would be better to let Henry VIII commit bigamy than cause another split. But both sides of Christendom seemed impelled toward extremism. In Catholic Paris, a disciple of Erasmus was burned at the stake for heresy; in London, two close friends—Thomas More and Bishop John Fisher—were beheaded for loyalty to Rome.

A year after their executions, in the summer of 1536, Erasmus died. He had pronounced his century "the worst since Christ," and certainly, for a man of tolerance and moderation, it was. He was a man who preached reason and discussion in a torn world that preferred angry deeds. More than a rationalist, Erasmus was something of a prophet: many of the changes he wished to see in the church were adopted not merely by the Reformers but ultimately by Rome as well, and his understanding of what it means to be a Christian is still valid. Like modern liberals caught between revolution and reaction, says Bainton, Erasmus had tried to bring about change without the "grave tumult" he feared, and was "caught between the upper and nether millstone, and ground not to flour but to dust." It was a bitter ending. As the great humanist died, even his last words—"Dear God"—seemed not so much a prayer as an anguished comment on his times.



# Speed kills.

Ask a high school kid. Boy or girl. Either one will give you the word that speed (amphetamines or pep pills) is lethal stuff. And so many kids are so scared they won't touch it. But not enough are scared enough.

They get into it too easily. And they ignore the inevitable.

Does speed kill outright? Sometimes. Prolonged massive doses have caused brain hemorrhages and death. Although it's unusual, it can happen.

But the biggest problem is indirect. When a kid pops a couple of caps into his mouth, he experiences a real high. When he comes down, he's so low he's tempted to start another run.

And that's the start of real trouble. Speed isn't addictive, but the body builds up a tolerance. So he has to take more to get the same jolt. And more. And more. He often ends up shooting massive doses into his veins.

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In his confused state, he ignores his body's normal need for food, drink and sleep. So he's

easy prey for pneumonia. He gets careless. And can wind up with hepatitis from a dirty needle.

But even if his body survives, his mind can be badly bent out of shape. It's not unusual for him to become paranoid and commit a violent crime. Perhaps kill.

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If you know anyone who's thinking of experimenting with this stuff, we urge you to have a talk with him. If he's been on it a while, get him to a doctor.

You could save his life.



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## ART

### COLLECTORS

#### Chase's Tenth

As a businessman, David Rockefeller, 53, president of New York's Chase-Manhattan Bank, might logically be expected to derive considerable satisfaction from the resounding financial success of Chase's ambitious program to decorate its offices and reception areas with fine art. In the decade since the program's inception, the bank has spent \$800,000 for 1,500 paintings, sculptures and graphics by 500 artists. The collection's net value has appreciated to \$1,500,000—a 60% increase that compares favorably with the Dow Jones industrial average.

Celebrating Chase's tenth anniversary last week, Rockefeller invited 290 artists from around the world to a "thank you" dinner atop the bank's 60-story skyscraper. A total of approximately 125 showed up, mostly New Yorkers, but including Hans Hartung from Paris, Sidney Nolan from London, Manabu Mabe from Brazil. West Germany's Heinz Mack prankishly mailed in a life-size, cardboard-backed photograph of himself in black tie, folded so that it could—and did—sit down at table and listen to the speeches with the other guests.

Chase-Manhattan's example has encouraged scores of other corporations to embark on ventures into artistic patronage. As a corporate Medici, Rockefeller sincerely considers the art that he buys not only a handy way to win investors or project a good image, but also a "notable source of pleasure and inspiration." Executives can select any kind of work they want in their offices (and happy executives are presumably

better executives), but all acquisitions are approved by a committee of museum experts. Generally speaking, paintings tend to be by younger lesser-knowns, graphics by elder reliables (Picasso, Albers, Currier & Ives). The committee also complements its postwar selections with 18th and 19th century American wood carvings, South Pacific tapa cloth, Middle Eastern bronzes. In the past year, the committee's nod has gone to recent works by Romare Bearden, Fairfield Porter, Ilya Bolotowsky, Adolph Gottlieb, Ludwig Sander, Wojciech Fangor, Otto Piene, Gunther Uecker, Pol Bury. Since Chase plans to open new offices in London, Milan and Puerto Rico, still more additions will be needed to furnish them as well.

### PAINTING

#### Method onto Madness

Insanity today is considered primarily a medical problem. But over the centuries the notion persisted that the mad were afflicted by God—and that along with this affliction went preternatural vision. The 19th century painter Richard Dadd had the fortune—as well as the misfortune—to embody the two definitions. His talent blossomed in an insane asylum. Yet his masterpiece, *The Fairy Feller's Masterstroke*, combines Boschian mystery with Alice-in-Wonderland fantasy in a way that makes it clear Dadd was a prophet of Surrealism. In a recent issue of the *New Statesman*, Critic Edward Lucie-Smith declares: "No 20th century British artist has succeeded in producing a picture as powerful yet as inexplicable."

The son of a London chemist, Dadd was born in 1817 and studied at the schools of the Royal Academy of Arts, where teachers cited him for his attention, good temper and diligence rather than for his talent. By the time he was 25, he had begun to paint canvases illustrating old English legends of the "little people"; these early canvases could have been produced by any competent illustrator. But during a trip to the Near East in 1842, Dadd began to have strange visions. After scaling the pyramids and strolling through bazaars, he wrote a friend, "I have lain down at night with my imagination so full of wild vagaries that I have doubted my own sanity." In Rome, he watched the Pope passing in a street procession and was seized by a wild urge to assault him on the spot. After returning to England, he confided to friends that he felt "the Great Fiend" was pursuing him. His worried father took him to the country for a rest. While the pair was strolling after supper, Richard Dadd turned on his father and stabbed him through the heart.

Dadd fled to France, but was arrested when he stabbed a fellow pas-

COURTESY VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON



DADD SELF-PORTRAIT (1834)

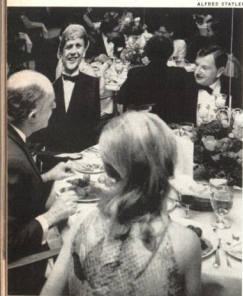
Macabre masterpiece from bedlam.

senger in a diligence going to Fontainebleau. He was committed to London's historic Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, which has given its name to the language as "bedlam" (a Middle English variant of "Bethlehem").

**Starved for Sport.** In 1844, Bethlehem was bedlam indeed. Gentlefolk considered it a sport to come out to watch the inmates. Obstreperous patients were judiciously starved or given violent purgatives to keep them submissive. Deaths from overdoses of opiates were common. Dadd survived this hell for six years. In 1852, Dr. William Hood, a pioneer in England of modern mental therapy, was assigned to Bethlehem. Hood encouraged Dadd to take up brush and pencil once again. Hood's hospital steward, George Henry Haydon, was an amateur artist and encouraged Dadd further. Dadd dedicated *The Fairy Feller's Masterstroke* to Haydon, gave it to him before he died at the age of 67 in 1886. The late poet Siegfried Sassoon, who gave it to London's Tate Gallery in 1963, inherited it indirectly from Haydon.

The picture is a savagely forged transmutation of folk legend into macabre personal obsession. The oddly grayish canvas depicts at least 44 fantastically garbed elves, sprites, gnomes, and pixies. Some are so tiny that they can hardly be distinguished beneath leaves or behind other fairies' shoulders. And most have peculiarly distorted heads, eyes, breasts or calves. All are watching the fairy feller, who is about to cleave a hazelnut in two with his mighty ax.

Some critics have suggested that a spell lies over the entire assemblage, to be broken only after the blade descends. Yet only an ax that severed the canvas itself could destroy the weird, calligraphic network of garlanded vines and leaves, giant blades of timothy and field grass that binds the picture together. It is as though the artist were striving to piece together a shattered world, unite natural and supernatural, impose method on madness. He hardly succeeds, but the effort carries its own fascination.



ROCKEFELLER (RIGHT) AND MACK  
Worthy of considerable appreciation.





Richard Dadd's "The Fairy Feller's Masterstroke" (1855-64)

Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

**Benchmark Bourbon has great heart.  
Because it's made by men with great hands.**

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Benchmark—Seagram's Premium Bourbon.  
Measure your Bourbon against it.





CAPOTE IN HIS APARTMENT



TWIN TOWERS OF UNITED NATIONS PLAZA BESIDE EAST RIVER

## THE HOME

### People Who Live in Glass Houses

"This is a building of high achievers," says Joanne Carson. "People who live here are not climbing. They have arrived." The building is United Nations Plaza, a 32-story cooperative apartment complex that hovers above Manhattan and the East River, across the way from U.N. headquarters. The "high achievers" certainly include Joanne's husband Johnny, along with Author Truman Capote, TV Producer David Susskind, Actor Cliff Robertson, Dress Designer Bonnie Cashin and assorted corporation executives. Robert F. Kennedy had a six-room *pied-à-terre* on the 14th floor. Secretary of State William Rogers' one regret about his duties in Washington is that they keep him away from his six-room suite in U.N. Plaza. "Gee, how I miss that apartment," he says.

As well he might. For 336 families who can afford the price of admission, the U.N. Plaza's twin towers offer the best views in Manhattan. From behind its huge windows (when the wind blows the smog away), residents of "the Compound," as they affectionately call it, can see north to Westchester County, south to New York Harbor and the open ocean beyond, east to Kennedy Airport, and west to the New Jersey Palisades. Prices range from \$75,000 for a one-bedroom apartment up to \$275,000 for a nine-room duplex—plus maintenance charges of as much as \$2,000 a month. A U.N. Plaza apartment can be a profitable investment; a three-bedroom suite that cost \$65,000 in 1966 was sold two years later for \$155,000—a profit of 140%.

**Singing Waiters.** Services provided for residents are spectacular. Valets, seamstresses, luggage handlers and caterers are on call, and six uniformed security guards patrol the building's hallways and entrances to keep away thieves and party crashers. Tom Shelley, the day desk captain in the cavernous, ca-

## MODERN LIVING

thedral-like main lobby, has been described as "a college housemother" and "the equal of the concierge at the Ritz"; he forwards mail and halts newspaper deliveries for absent tenants, and he knows where to rustle up a singing waiter on short notice.

For residents who have their own live-in maids, the seventh floor of each tower is mostly devoted to servants' quarters. There is also a bank, a brokerage house, a playground, a restaurant, doctors', dentists' and lawyers' offices. "It's your own private little utopia," sighs Joanne Carson. Truman Capote says: "My theory is that you can stay in this building and never leave it. You can go from one dinner to another for a month without duplicating."

**Raspberry Tart.** Money is the main tie that binds U.N. Plaza residents. Considering the variety of their taste in decor, it seems to be the only tie. An exporter and his wife inhabit an eight-room West Tower penthouse whose walls are completely covered with dark green Vermont marble—giving their apartment a curiously tomblike atmosphere. Capote's apartment features a red-on-red dining room ("Like a hot raspberry tart," he says), and a prominently displayed pink china jar labeled "Opium," which was a housewarming gift from Jacqueline Kennedy.

Then there is the 30th floor apartment of Sam (children's clothes) and Alyce Simon. Mrs. Simon, who describes herself as an "atomic artist," has ripped out all the original interior walls and floors, turned a six-room apartment into a three-room suite that gives the impression of a space platform suspended in the Manhattan sky. Equally intriguing is the eleventh-floor abode of William and Milly Johnstone. Johnstone is a retired officer of Bethlehem Steel

Corp.; Mrs. Johnstone, who likes to be called "Milly-san," is a Zen disciple who religiously performs her daily Japanese tea ceremony in a bedroom decorated to resemble the Teahouse of the August Moon.

**Staring Out.** As the old aphorism suggests, people who live in glass houses should not get stoned. Spying on one's neighbors is one of the most popular pastimes at U.N. Plaza. "The people across the way have a telescope," says a penthouse dweller. "I presume they are looking." The presumption seems fair. Over cocktails one night in the rooftop restaurant of the neighboring Beekman Towers, Sam and Alyce Simon accidentally discovered that the restaurant commanded a marvelous view of their bedroom.

Other U.N. Plaza residents complain that the glare through the windows hurts their eyes (some have taken to wearing sunglasses indoors), and that their parties are dreadfully dull: the guests all just stand around, staring out. Joyce Susskind gets glassy-eyed when she recalls the day she walked naked from her shower, looked out of her windows—and saw a window washer looking in. Stunned, Mrs. Susskind "just sat on the bed and stared. I'll never forget his face—and I'm sure he'll never forget mine."

## FASHION

### On Her Fingers, Cs on Her Toes

Once, all a girl needed to get a monogram was a first and last name. Today, it is likely to cost her as much as \$30 (imprinted on a scarf) to \$475 (on luggage), and the initials aren't even her own.

But then her own never got her so much as an honorable mention on the best-dressed list, whereas a simple YSL (for Yves Saint Laurent) or a pair of Bs, back to back (for Bill Blass) spell instant class. No more fidgeting about in the theater, making sure the old-fash-

# "Stop digging -it's Windsor."

You don't have to dig for your ball on a Windsor fairway. This improved variety of Kentucky bluegrass forms a dense turf that holds a ball so that you can always get to it. Spreads vigorously. Repairs itself rapidly. Permits close cutting. Shrugs off weather extremes. Ask Scotts, the grass people (Marysville, Ohio 43040) for technical data.

PETER POLYMERAKOS



MODEL IN ST. LAURENT SCARF  
Others can go the whole hog.

ioned, inside-the-coat, Norman Norell label is draped visibly over the seat; no more calculated dropping of the \$190 handbag, the better to reveal the Hermès plaque buried within. No longer the need to base chic upon a series of subtle clues—the interlocking bridle bit that makes the shoe a Gucci, the braid and chain that identify a Chanel suit. (Besides, these are easily copied, sold at half the price, and worn by absolutely anyone.) These days, if she cares enough to buy the very best, it's plainly written all over her.

Starting at the bottom, her girle (\$15) and bra-slip (\$18) are signed by Emilio Pucci, her stockings, a symphony in mesh Vs, by Valentino. On the outside, looking in, there is Gucci's leather-bound shirtwaist dress, interwoven with an all-over pattern of the letter G—with matching luggage, no less. In scarves, conspicuous consumers can go the whole hog with the full names of Rudi Gernreich (\$12), Donald Brooks (\$22), or Geoffrey Beene (\$28), or compromise—as Chester Weinberg did—with a silk strip spelling the first and more esthetic half of his name (\$25). At the extremities, there are sailor berets with Adolfo's name on the band (\$65), Cardin's C-studded pumps (\$38), and a chain of dangling KJLs (for Kenneth Jay Lane, \$15) for a necklace. With a wave of her V-notched gloves, the lady is ready to meet her husband for lunch.

She will have no trouble spotting him, no matter how mad the crush. He has discarded his CM (Countess Mara) necktie as gauche, and switched to a new silk number that says, no fewer than 50 times, John Weitz lord & Taylor new york, John Weitz lord & Taylor new york, John . . .

## Rum-and-nothing.

Leilani Rum doesn't need the somethings.

We make it in a little distillery in Hawaii, right in the middle of the finest sugar cane on earth. We make it slowly. In small batches. So Leilani tastes good on the rocks. And makes a better rum-and-anything. So what if it costs a little more?



HAWAIIAN RUM - 80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII



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*The Rescue Money.* If your Cheques get lost or stolen, you go to the local American Express office or representative. (They're all over the world.) Get your missing Cheques replaced. And your trip is rescued.

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You can't go wrong with American Express Travelers Cheques.

The Rescue Money.



## THE PRESS

### PERIODICALS

#### Rolling Stone's Rock World

Uncertainties abound in the publishing business, but one fact seems tantalizingly obvious: there are millions of potential readers for publications aimed at the 18-to-25 age bracket. But how to reach them? One method is to hire professionals to turn out smooth articles in hip lingo in a psychedelic or Art Nouveau layout ("Talking to kids in their own language," it's called). *Cheetah* and *Eye* magazines tried that—and folded. Another approach is to realize that today's youngsters tend to detect false notes and are not readily dazzled by packaging, so the publisher simply lets young writers have their say in blunt, unaffected prose on plain, tabloid-sized newsprint. *Rolling Stone*, the San Francisco-based rock-'n'-roll newspaper-magazine, is doing well by doing just that.

Free to Knock. *Stone's* 23-year-old editor, Jann (pronounced Yahn) Wenner, insists that he did not start the biweekly journal to grab a market, but simply to write about the things that interested him most. "We're not tied to anybody but ourselves—we're not promoting somebody else's trip," he says. What interests *Stone's* writers is the whole rock world. Their staple is music, but they increasingly offer news and views on the entire life-style that rock shapes.

Started 18 months ago, with just \$8,000 and a staff made up largely of part-time volunteers, *Rolling Stone* has already moved comfortably into the black, employs twelve people full-time, and claims a circulation of about 60,000. It will begin printing in London this month to serve its 7,000 British readers more promptly. In the rock-music world,

its influence is immense: recent praise of an unknown Texas blues guitarist named Johnny Winter impressed Columbia Records, which, after hearing him, gave him a \$600,000 contract. Most of *Stone's* ad revenue (\$70,000 last year, and rapidly rising) comes from record companies, but its reviewers have felt free to knock such hot-selling performers as Janis Joplin, Aretha Franklin and The Doors.

While Editor Wenner considers his paper part of the "youth revolution," he does not automatically accept every part of the youth scene. When young people and police clashed in Palm Springs, Calif., during an Easter vacation pop festival, *Stone* largely ignored the music in favor of first-rate reporting of the violence. It even had kind words for the cops, who "exercised amazing restraint, ignoring the blatant sexual activities, drinking and doping," until, finally, "the youthful vacationers asked for much of the trouble they got." *Stone* does not condone the kind of activity that got Singer Jim Morrison charged with indecent exposure during a Miami concert, although the paper ran a typically wry headline: MORRISON'S PENIS IS INDECENT. The paper startled its readers by attacking the yuppies just before the 1968 Democratic Convention for proposing "methods and means as corrupt as the political machine they hope to disrupt."

Energy Core. *Stone* was the first publication to probe the misuse of funds for the Monterey Pop Festival and to explore the obsessions of "the groups," girls who chase rock performers into bed (TIME, Feb. 28). This month, the paper devoted 20 pages to an examination of the "American Revolution in 1969." A summary article by Ralph J. Gleason, 52, a veteran rock specialist and *Stone's* only elder contributor, accused many radicals of harboring "a death wish" and warned: "You better figure out how to make a revolution without killing people, or it won't work." He suggested poetry and music as resources. "The Beatles aren't just more popular than Jesus, they are also more potent than the S.D.S."

The notion that life, and even work, can be fun, pervades *Rolling Stone's* airy offices. "We've reversed the priorities," says Wenner. "We have a good time first and a viable business second." Wenner was a student at Berkeley when the Free Speech Movement disrupted the campus, and he helped report it for NBC. He wrote a rock column for the campus *Daily Californian*, later for *Ramparts*, before starting *Stone*. While both he and his paper freely use four-letter words, and he wears his hair long and shaggy, he is not a stereotype rebel. "Rock and roll is now the energy core of change in American life," he argues. "But capitalism is what allows us the incredible indulgence of this music."

DOE DORAN



SHANA ALEXANDER

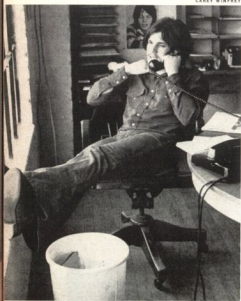
Just good magazines, period.

#### The Feminine Eye

No preliminary soundings, no roundabout hints; the telephone just rang one day early this year in Shana Alexander's Santa Monica, Calif. home. It was Edward Fitzgerald of *McCall's* calling, the resonant male voice said. "How would you like to be editor of *McCall's*?" The petite, blonde divorcee said she'd think it over. Although *McCall's* is the nation's largest women's magazine, with a circulation of 8,500,000, it has not had a female editor in 48 years, and Shana, 43, had not had any experience as an editor.

As a writer, though, Shana is a surpassing pro. After graduating from Vassar, she worked on the Sunday magazine of the old *PM*, later freelanced and wrote radio scripts (among them: *Mr. District Attorney*). Then, in 1951, she took a job as a LIFE reporter and in 1964 began "The Feminine Eye" column. Sometimes gentle, sometimes sharp, and always quick, Shana draws meaning—for men as well as women—out of seemingly ordinary personal feelings. She rebelled against presidential polls, for instance, because "I fiercely resent being told what I am going to do. It makes me suspect I may be being programmed. There is only one of Me; I want to shout out."

Shana is not quite sure what *McCall's* needs. After a succession of male editors and a dip in advertising pages, *McCall's* management was apparently in agreement when she told them: "I thought the trouble with women's magazines is that they have been underestimating women all these years, and I wasn't even sure that I believed in the idea of a women's magazine. I said I thought there should just be good magazines, period. Maybe I'm kind of a latter-day feminist, but I think that women can take much more grown-up material."



WENNER OF "STONE"  
Even work can be fun.



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And have a nice weekend.

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Plus a free credit card and a flock of different  
fares to save you money.

United says, get together with your Travel Agent. Then come on.

Come fly with me!

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"I'm on Cloud Nine!"



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MR. \_\_\_\_\_ LAST NAME FIRST MIDDLE INITIAL AGE SPOUSE'S NAME NUMBER OF DEPENDENTS  
 DID YOU APPLY BEFORE  
☐ YES ☐ NO

PRESENT HOME ADDRESS STREET CITY STATE ZIP CODE TELEPHONE NUMBER

YEARS AT PRESENT ADDRESS SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER  
☐ OWN ☐ RENT ☐ LIVE WITH PARENTS

PREVIOUS HOME ADDRESS STREET CITY STATE ZIP CODE HOW LONG?

PRESENT EMPLOYER (if student, give school and full particulars) NATURE OF BUSINESS TELEPHONE NUMBER AND EXT.

EMPLOYER'S BUSINESS ADDRESS STREET-CITY-STATE-ZIP CODE YEARS WITH FIRM YOUR POSITION AND IDENTIFICATION NUMBER

ANNUAL EARNINGS SOURCE AND AMOUNT OF OTHER INCOME

PREVIOUS EMPLOYER NATURE OF BUSINESS

ADDRESS STREET CITY STATE ZIP CODE YEARS WITH FIRM YOUR POSITION

CREDIT REFERENCES—BANK NAME REND OF ACCOUNT—ACCT. NO.  
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In consideration of the extension of credit to me by United Air Lines, Inc. ("United") for purchases of air transportation and related services in accordance with applicable tariffs, I, the undersigned, agree to pay United for purchases made on credit within 25 (twenty five) days after date of statement without any service charge, or, at my option, pay a monthly service charge of 1 1/2% of the total unpaid balance on the following minimum payment schedule:

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| \$15 to \$100        | \$15.00         |
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Balance under \$15 is payable in full.

The undersigned, including the co-signer, severally, jointly and jointly and severally, shall be responsible for the payment of the balance of the credit account and shall be liable for the payment of the credit account.

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(c) In return United hereby agrees to the use of such card by me within the limits of the credit agreement, (c) to return United promptly of the loss of such card by me within fifteen (15) days after date of loss, (d) to be responsible for any charges incurred by use of the card until such notice is received by United, (e) that such card may be cancelled by United upon notice by me, and (f) to surrender such card upon demand of United.

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Your Travel Agent invites you to come charge your whole trip—hotel, sight-seeing tours, everything you arrange with him in advance—with the only credit card that lets you do this—United's.

Vacation coming up soon? Charge off on a United Jet. United flies to more great vacation spots than any other airline. And they fly there more often. Makes traveling a breeze. And pay for it on budget terms, if you like, with United's Personal Travel Credit Card. To get one, just fill out the application blank.

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"ChargeIt"

# CINEMA

## THE TRADE

### Grand Illusion

"Regrettably, each year a few nave resorted to outright excessive and vulgar solicitation of votes," said the booklet sent out to the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. "This becomes a serious embarrassment to the Academy and our industry."

It also can become the shortest line to an Oscar—as Cliff Robertson proved at this year's Academy Awards show. Competitors like Alan Arkin and Alan Bates may have been content to rest on their performances; Robertson knew bet-

ter. He is given for merit. Sadly, they are sometimes not even given in gratitude. For all his contributions to the industry, Cary Grant has never won an Oscar. Nor has Charlie Chaplin, nor Orson Welles, nor Paul Newman. Even when the Oscar is given to a deserving recipient, it is frequently for the wrong reasons.

Jimmy Stewart's Oscar for *The Philadelphia Story* was workman's compensation for losing the year before in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Rod Steiger's was actually for *The Pawnbroker* instead of *In the Heat of the Night*, as announced. Walter Matthau's Oscar came, he admits, "because I had a heart attack. They hate to give you anything when you're dead."

If you don't play the game, they hate to give you anything when you're alive. This year Ruth Gordon deserved her Oscar for best supporting actress in *Rosemary's Baby*, but Mia Farrow, the lady she supported, was not even nominated. The reason: the Academicians dislike her barefoot hippie attitudes. Barbra Streisand's performance in *Funny Girl* was far less skillful than Vanessa Redgrave's in *Isadora*, but the Academy has never been able to separate performer from politics. A picket sign once symbolized the town's hostility to her leftist leanings: "A vote for Vanessa Redgrave is a vote for the Viet Cong."

**Baroque Speeches.** The ceremonies onstage were scarcely more delicate. Gower Champion's miscued staging was reminiscent of *The Ed Sullivan Show* on an off night. The dancing was strictly St. Vitus, the hollow banter almost made one hunger for the elaborate tanks of yesteryear.

Though senior citizens like to recall the good old days when the Academy Awards had dignity and style, that, too, is illusion. "At my first Oscars presentation," recalls Director Joseph Mankiewicz (*All About Eve*), "Jackie Cooper fell asleep in Marie Dressler's lap. The president of the Academy suggested that everybody toast his wife." In the days before television's time limitations, baroque speeches thanking everyone from the star's mother to the wardrobe mistress were *de rigueur*. Greer Garson's *Mrs. Miniver* acknowledgment took 40 minutes.

Since those windy days, the speeches have been cut down—and the Oscar built up. In a business founded on insecurities, the statuette now seems more solid than the studios, more enduring than art. In the past, there have been recipients who put down the Oscar, and meant it. When George Bernard Shaw won one for his screenplay of *Pygmalion*, he boomed: "It's an insult." Director John Ford has won Oscars four times and has never attended a single ceremony.

Still, winners have every reason to respect even the most dubious award.

For a film it can mean more than \$1,000,000 in increased grosses. For an actor the impact is greater: Walter Matthau's salary quintupled after he received his Oscar. George Kennedy's story is twice as good: his fee went from \$20,000 to \$200,000 per film. "Before *Cat Ballou*," recalls Lee Marvin, "I was what they call a good back-up actor. I was getting money in five figures before the Oscar. For the last one, *Paint Your Wagon*, I got a million dollars, plus 10%. From 1965 to 1969, that's a pretty nice climb." Climbs like that are sufficient reason to let the Academy carry on its business as usual.

**Please Come.** Or are they? Stanley Kramer, whose films have won nearly 100 nominations, admits: "Frankly, the people in the Academy don't know what



ROBERTSON (ON LOCATION)  
Promotion pays.

ter. Starting in October 1968, ads on his behalf were placed in the trade papers. "Best actor of the year—the National Board of Review" they reminded readers, "Cliff Robertson is CHARLY," they trumpeted in full-page splashes. The campaign culminated in a giant double foldout inserted in *Daily Variety*. Its contents: 83 favorable reviews of Robertson from a spectrum of journals.

Publicly, the Academy frowned. Privately, many members agreed that Robertson's award was based more on promotion than on performance. Nor is there any reason to expect otherwise. Ads sell movies, runs the Hollywood rationale, why shouldn't they sell movie actors? Politicians run for office and executives finesse for the corner offices; performers ought to be given a little jockeying for position.

**Wrong Reasons.** The trouble is that a large portion of those 30 million viewers who watched the Academy Award ceremonies last week still cling to the Modern Screen belief that the Oscars

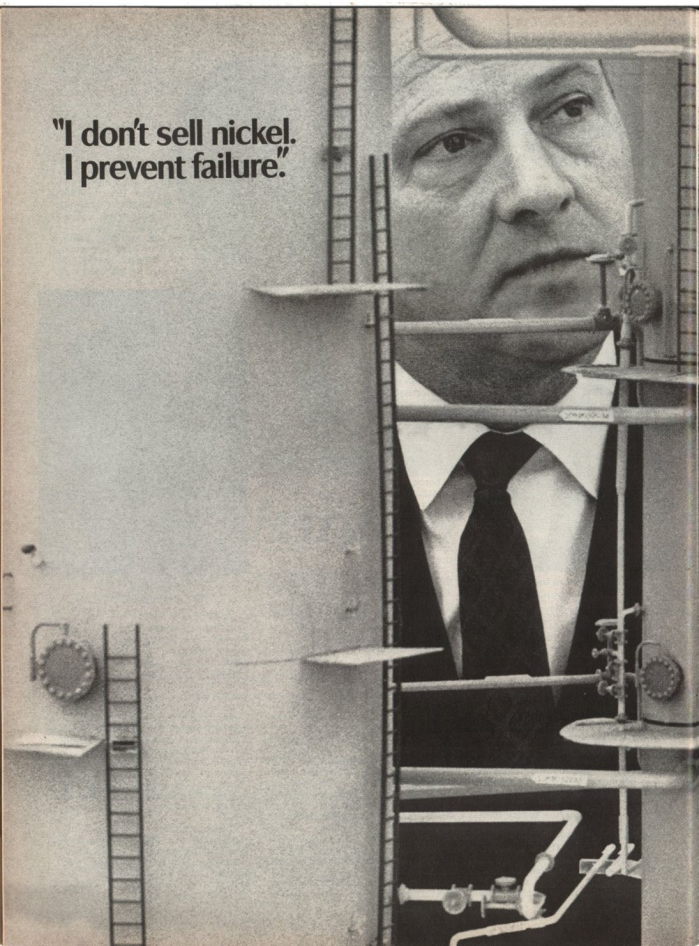


STREISAND (WITH HUSBAND)  
More enduring than art.

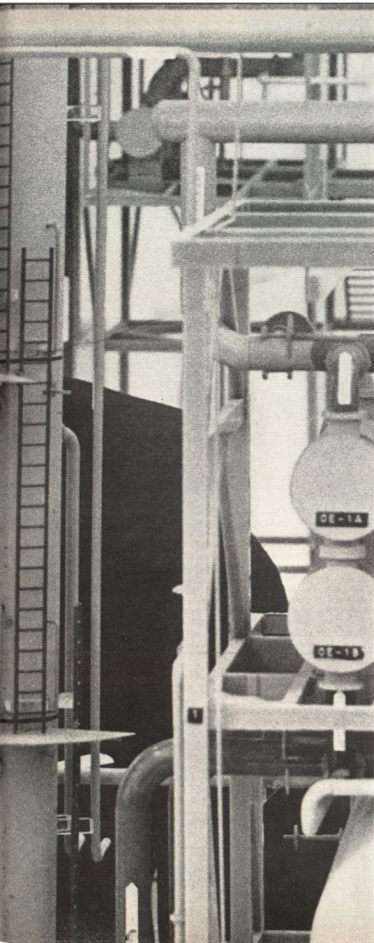
the hell they're voting for. Not any more than a clothing salesman from Dayton, Ohio." Paramount's production chief Robert Evans concurs: "There are people in the Academy who haven't worked in years. How can they know what the industry is about anymore?" Perhaps Joseph Mankiewicz is correct when he says: "A film academy that includes financiers and publicity men and does not include Fellini, Bergman and Truffaut, can hardly be called an academy. Somewhere there should be a place where film creators decide for themselves matters of merit." Says Paul Newman: "There must be something wrong with a group that hands out awards and then has to send telegrams saying, please come."

There is, of course, something wrong—profoundly so. But, "to change it would be like reforming Indianapolis," claims Lee Marvin. "The world's records have been set on that track. They have to remain that way or create a whole new race."

**"I don't sell nickel.  
I prevent failure."**







**Dick Schillmoller is  
International Nickel's missionary  
to the petroleum industry.**

"A new refinery can cost a hundred million dollars and save money.

"Unless something fails.

"Then it costs still more—in materials, man-hours, and lost output—to repair. And that cost could end up in your gas tank."

C. M. "Dick" Schillmoller, an ex-P40 pilot and chemical engineer, educated in Holland, Indonesia, and Australia, adds: "So, to prevent failure, you start with the right materials at the design stage.

"Now your first thought may be that I sell nickel to the petroleum people. I'm from Inco. And the petroleum industry uses eighty million pounds a year.

"But that isn't how we work.

"First I put myself in their shoes. And I look for ways to adjust the process so ordinary steel will work economically.

"When this can't be done, then I help find other materials that do give reliable performance—regardless of whether they contain nickel.

"Then if nickel is the right answer, they see it themselves.

"So I'm really more of a missionary. We win a lot of converts every day."



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## MUSIC

### RECORDINGS

#### High Cost of Gold

One of the top commercial accolades in the music business is a gold record, signifying that a given release has had retail sales of \$1,000,000 or more. In the pop field, goldies are a dime a dozen, but in the 21-year history of LP, there have been only five million-dollar classical bestsellers. Three of them—*The Glorious Sound of Christmas*, the *Messiah* and *The Lord's Prayer*—were made by the Philadelphia Orchestra,\* a top seller down through the years, and the most-recorded orchestra in the U.S. Small wonder, then, that it finds itself right in the middle of one of the fiercest, most extraordinary competitive battles the record industry has ever known.

For 25 years, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia recorded exclusively for Columbia Records. Last May, when the orchestra's contract came up for renewal, RCA, which had recorded it from 1917 to 1943, grabbed the ensemble off by outbidding Columbia. Even though RCA now has exclusive rights to the Philadelphia, Columbia has been acting all along as though it had never lost the orchestra at all. As of March, Columbia had issued ten new releases, and this month it released four more, with a \$65,000 promotion and advertising campaign to back it up. These were all items recorded by Columbia while the Philadelphia still worked for it. Columbia also says it has about 40 more unreleased recordings in its vaults—including all the orchestral works of Brahms, one Bruckner symphony, and two albums with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Says Columbia Artists and Repertory Music Director Thomas Frost: "We have so much material in the can that we can release new records by Ormandy and the Philadelphia regularly for the next five years—and that is exactly what we intend to do."

**No Backlog.** There is a good reason why RCA signed up the Philadelphia: it desperately needed a big-name orchestra on its roster. The Boston Symphony, a big seller in the days of Serge Koussevitzky, has not done nearly so well under Conductor Erich Leinsdorf. Columbia has two other popular orchestras on its roster: The New York Philharmonic with Leonard Bernstein, and George Szell's Cleveland Orchestra. RCA's winning bid was a reported \$340,000-a-year royalty guarantee over the next five years. That is a lot of money, but RCA thinks it has a very good chance not only of recovering its costs, but of coming out ahead as well.

It may take a while. The Philadelphia's highest yearly earnings with Columbia were \$400,000 in 1963, but its recent av-



ORMANDY RECORDING  
In the mood for a switch.

erage has been \$300,000. Columbia estimates that 80% of those royalties have come from the backlog of more than 200 old releases built up over the years; new records have accounted for only 20%. Not only that; RCA cannot record anything in the Columbia catalogue until five years after its release.

From a critical standpoint, RCA's first Philadelphia records are a distinct disappointment. Recorded in the Philadelphia Academy of Music rather than in the ballroom used by Columbia, their sound is often dry and devoid of the luster for which the orchestra is famous. Charles Ives' *Third Symphony* and an LP of Grieg and Liszt concertos with Pianist Van Cliburn as soloist are the best of the lot. But the Chopin *F-minor Concerto* with Artur Schnabel is heavy and graceless, and Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique Symphony* lacks the bite and immediacy of a nine-year-old version that Columbia re-engineered and rereleased last year. Bruckner's *Seventh Symphony* has a glossiness that does not suit the music at all. Mozart's *Jupiter* and Schubert's *Unfinished* symphonies are the most unresonant of all.

**Royalties and Pops.** Nonetheless, the orchestra itself has reason to be content with its new lot. Royalties are coming in from both companies. In addition, Ormandy can now record material that was closed to him at Columbia, because Mahler belonged largely to Bernstein, and Mozart to Szell. To be released in the fall are Philadelphia versions of the Mahler *First Symphony* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. After that will come DeFalla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* with Rubinstein, Mahler's *Second Symphony*, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, and several contemporary works, including Krzysztof Penderecki's *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima*.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Bill Cosby, 31, the low-keyed comic and TV actor (*I Spy*) who has made growing up in Philadelphia's black slums sound like an experience nobody should miss, and wife Camille; their third child, first son, Ennis William; in Los Angeles.

**Born.** To Crown Prince Akihito, 35, the first son of Japan's Emperor Hirohito, and Princess Michiko, 34, common-born daughter of a wealthy industrialist; their third child, first daughter; in Tokyo.

**Married.** Joey Heatherton, 24, nimble-limbed television performer and troop entertainer; and Lance Rentzel, 25, swivel-hipped flanker back for football's Dallas Cowboys and new co-owner of a Dallas night club; each for the first time; in New York City.

**Married.** Major General Yakubu Gowon, 34, Nigerian chief of state; and Victoria Zakari, a 22-year-old nurse; in an Anglican ceremony in Lagos. As a wedding offering for the bride and groom, Gowon's generals, recalling Sherman's Christmas present of Atlanta to President Lincoln, promised to capture Umuahia, the last major Biafran-held town.

**Died.** Dr. Emilio Arenales, 46, diplomat, lawyer, and since last September president of the United Nations General Assembly; of cancer; in Guatemala City, Guatemala. Arenales served as legal counselor to the preparatory commission for UNESCO at age 24, was his country's permanent U.N. representative from 1955 to 1958, became Guatemala's Foreign Minister in 1966 after eight years of private law practice. When he was elected to the one-year presidency of the General Assembly, he said happily: "Guatemala can expect to preside about once in 100 years. For any man who holds the office, it is the peak of his diplomatic career."

**Died.** Queen Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena, 81, widow of Spain's last king, Alfonso XIII, exiled with her husband in 1931 when the country was proclaimed a republic; after a long illness; in Ouchy, Switzerland. One of 40 grandchildren of Britain's Queen Victoria, the gentle Queen Ena suffered stoically through a life studded with sadness. In 1906, an anarchist's bomb thrown at her bridal coach killed a score of bystanders. One of her sons was deaf, two were hemophiliacs (they later died in automobile accidents). King Alfonso was a known philanderer and, after going into exile, she and her husband lived apart. Only once did Queen Ena return to Spain—last year, when she accepted the role of godmother to her great-grandson, Prince Felipe, new-born son of Juan Carlos and Princess Sophie.

\* The Mormon Tabernacle Choir also received gold records for *The Lord's Prayer* and *Messiah* recordings.



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This can include one week in London and one week touring the countryside by car, with unlimited mileage. Also included, are guest-house accommodations and round-trip jet from New York. Other tours are available—more about these on the opposite page.

**Wales is a country of castles and the cradle of kings**

This year Elizabeth II gives her

*The Welsh flag, a red dragon, still symbolizes Wales' proud heritage.*





(Continued from opposite page)

son to Wales as Edward I did in 1284 to show his recognition of Welsh courage. Prince Charles, like his predecessors, will be invested as Prince of Wales in Caernarvon Castle. Caernarvon is the most important castle in the series of fortresses built by King Edward I in an attempt to subjugate the Welsh people. He didn't succeed.

### Wales means "friend"

Explore Wales this year. Eat a medieval banquet in Ruthin Castle's great hall. And stop to enjoy the "Eisteddfods" of drama and music that take place during summer and fall. Wherever you go, you'll get a warm welcome. The Welsh word for Wales is Cymru. It means "friend."

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For full information on tours available, see your travel agent. For free, 52-page, full-color book, "Vacations in Britain," clip coupon.

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90

## TELEVISION & RADIO

### NEWSCASTING

#### Duel at Daybreak

For 17 years, CBS has been trying to find a worthy contender for NBC's *Today* show. Veterans and beginners were thrown into the 7-9 a.m. time slot: Walter Cronkite, Dick Van Dyke, Mike Wallace, Will Rogers Jr., Jimmy Dean. The only stayer was a kiddie show, *Captain Kangaroo*. Finally, CBS limited itself to a half-hour *Morning News*, which concentrated on national and foreign affairs.

Now CBS has once again entered the lists by revamping the *Morning*

on a two-block area along Washington's Columbia Road, the Benti team hopes to involve its audience in the problems and progress—or retrogression—of a small group of ghetto people.

The program is clearly still on its shakedown cruise. Benti himself is engaging and incisive, but he has yet to emerge with distinctive authority and character. Hughes Rudd, who has a growing reputation as a writer of short stories and published a 1966 collection, *My Escape from the CIA and Other Improbable Events*, handles the offbeat news. Ponchitta, 26, is obviously learning by doing and has awkward moments, as



BENTI



PIERCE

Still on a shakedown cruise.

*News*. The show, for which some 168 stations have been lined up (compared with *Today's* 195), now lasts a full hour and is called *CBS Morning News* with Joseph Benti. The format eschews such *Today* specialties as book plugs, chitchat among the cast, skits from upcoming musicals and reviews. It generally sticks to newscasting by Benti, offbeat stories by Hughes Rudd, interviews by Ponchitta Pierce, a comely former bureau chief for *Ebony* magazine. Benti, 36, and Brooklyn-born, sees his new assignment this way: "Our job is to create a new audience, or to take the old audience and make it aware of hard news in the morning."

The "hard news" concept, the show's basic theme, includes all the important events that have happened since the 11 p.m. newscasts of the previous night. "We won't use hashed-over news," Benti insists. "It is either new, or our way of approaching it is new." One of the new approaches is a continuing series on life in the ghetto, interpreted by Correspondent John Hart. By zeroing in

if suddenly numbed by awareness that the staring camera eye is on her.

In Benti, CBS has an undoubted if minor exclusive: he is the nation's only Italian-Irish newscaster who is also a dropout from four Brooklyn high schools. After hitchhikes in the Army and the Air Force, where he got his high school diploma, Benti in 1954 went to Indiana State Teachers' College on the G.I. Bill, later earned his master's at Iowa University.

While in college, Benti did part-time broadcasting, later worked at TV stations from Missouri to California. He settled down at Los Angeles KNXT, a CBS-owned-and-operated station, where he became political editor. He chaired the Western Regional Desk during the network's election coverage in 1968, and was heard by millions as anchor man on the news reports following the murder of Senator Robert Kennedy.

Benti's new morning program so far has caused no tremors on the *Today* show: its ratings (5,000,000 viewers) and revenues (\$17 million annually) are at

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alltime highs. Today sometimes shuffles  
its guest line-up to keep abreast of break-  
ing stories, but Schulberg has not med-  
dled with what he calls "my odd ec-  
cumenical combination" of easy-going  
Hugh Downs, aloof Barbara Walters,  
gabby Sportscaster Joe Garagiola and  
crisply confident Frank Blair. Unlike  
Benti & Co., the Today people think  
that "hard" newscasting cannot draw  
morning audiences or sponsors as read-  
ily as folksier hosts.

## BROADCASTERS

### Open Microphones

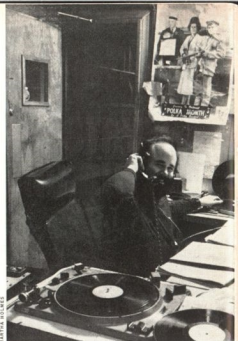
Book reviews of the Sears, Roebuck  
1897 catalogue, results of a Japanese  
pingpong tournament and 16 thundering  
hours of Richard Wagner's *Ring of the  
Nibelung* are not normal radio pro-  
gramming. But then, California's non-  
profit Pacifica Foundation, which op-  
erates FM radio stations in three U.S.  
cities, is plainly not interested in the nor-  
mal listener.

Two weeks ago, KPFA in Berkeley,  
Calif., brought university students, par-  
ents, police and faculty together for a  
straightforward confrontation. Los An-  
geles' KPFF scheduled a documentary of  
Sunset Strip teeny-boppers and this  
week will begin broadcasts from an all-  
black satellite station in Watts. On his  
morning wake-up show, Larry Josephson  
of WBAI in New York is likely to tell  
his listeners that "it's an awful day"  
and suggest that they "turn me off, for-  
get about work and go back to bed." With such fare—and no commercials—  
Pacifica has attracted almost 40,000 sub-  
scribers, who pay up to \$24 a year to  
receive monthly listings of music and in-  
tellectually tuned talk shows.

New Formulas. The nonendowed  
foundation, begun by Industrialist Lew-  
is Hill in 1949 "to create new formulas  
for radio," also has its enemies. In 1963,  
the U.S. Senate Internal Security Sub-  
committee investigated Pacifica for  
Communist infiltration. In 1964, the FCC  
dismissed a battery of complaints against  
Pacifica, including obscenity charges, af-  
ter Berkeley's KPFA broadcast readings  
of poems by poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
and a frank talk among eight homo-  
sexuals about their problems and at-  
titudes. The latest and most bitter com-  
plaints were raised early this year after  
a militant Negro guest on Manhattan's  
WBAL read an anti-Semitic poem on  
the air; a black militant on another pro-  
gram said that Hitler "didn't make  
enough lamp shades" out of Jews.

Officials at Pacifica argue that its out-  
raged critics fail to understand either  
the goals or risks of giving a public  
forum to anyone with anything to say.  
"We have an open microphone in a free-  
speech station," says Harold Taylor, a  
Pacifica director and former president  
of Sarah Lawrence College. "The cure  
for bigotry is not served by refusing to  
allow expression of views which we con-  
sider reprehensible."

Pacifica stations often find themselves



WBAL'S JOSEPHSON  
Not for the normal listener.

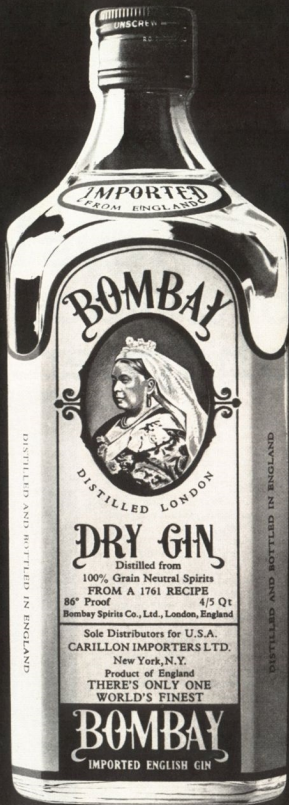
set upon from all quarters. They get ul-  
traconservative barbs for broadcasting  
taped speeches by Malcolm X and the  
views of Radicals Tom Hayden and  
Jerry Rubin. Broadcasts by Conservative  
William Buckley and right-wing "Ob-  
jectivist" Ayn Rand have stirred an-  
guished complaints from offended  
liberals.

The foundation's penchant for con-  
troversy is abetted by a flock of wag-  
gish personalities who are refreshingly  
aloof from the slick chat of commercial  
radio. KPFF Disk Jockey Lew Merkle-  
son, an ex-truck driver who runs Los  
Angeles' most knowledgeable classical-  
music program, often invites local en-  
thusiasts to come in and play their  
favorite records on the air. Newscasters  
at Pacifica stations report only top sto-  
ries; at KPFF, they take pride in the  
fact that they never even mentioned Ja-  
cqueline Kennedy's wedding.

In the Red. The emphasis on quality  
has paid off. KPFF has won awards for  
its documentaries on Martin Luther  
King and the 1965 Watts riot. On all  
three stations, nearly half the program  
day is reserved for news and public af-  
fairs; music selections range from Bach  
cantatas in the morning to acid rock  
after midnight.

Though it has wide popularity, Pa-  
cifica is far from prosperous. KPFA  
("Your listener-nonsupported station")  
hopes to raise \$75,000 in a "May Day"  
fund drive. KPFF paid only five of its  
twelve employees last week. Still, Pa-  
cifica officials believe their stations will  
be able to continue assailing the air-  
waves. After considering dozens of lis-  
tener complaints, the FCC recently up-  
held Manhattan's WBAL. "The opinions  
and views of others may startle, shock  
and even offend," said the FCC. "But  
the drafters of the Constitution believed  
that no man has a monopoly on truth."

Bombay Vermouth from France is the perfect consort to Bombay Gin.



## The King is dead. Long live the Queen.

Martini people are changing to Bombay Gin, imported from England.  
It's a softer, gentler gin. Which accounts for its current favor among the new breed of Martini drinkers.  
Long live Bombay, rightful heiress to the throne.

# Fire is always looking for a place to happen.

And when it happens near something flammable, a little fire has a way of becoming big.

And that's why so much research is going on these days to make materials less flammable.

Already, B.F. Goodrich has developed four different flame-resistant polymers for use in clothing, draperies, carpets, upholstery, and even paper.

Actually, our development does more than retard fire. It makes products self-extinguishing, which means they stop burning when flame is removed.

House siding, shutters, wall covering, and upholstery can be made flame-resistant and self-extinguishing by using our Geon® vinyl material.

Still another BFG flame-retardant plastic is going into hair driers, vacuum cleaners and other electrical appliances.

And, of course, these ingenious developments are being applied to the sponge rubber carpet cushion, pillows and mattress cores sold by B.F. Goodrich.

We don't claim these advances will put fire out of business.

But better a slow burn than a 3-alarm fire.



**B.F. Goodrich**

**We're fighting it.**



# SCIENCE

## MOLECULAR BIOLOGY

### Analyzing an Antibody

Surely but slowly, scientists are learning the structure of the basic molecules of life. They are gradually discovering how those molecules perform their exquisitely delicate and extraordinarily precise functions in all animals, from the amoeba to man. Despite their sub-microscopic size, biologically active molecules are huge and complex—in atomic terms. Each one contains hundreds of thousands of atoms, arranged in sub-molecular groups—"building blocks" that are in turn arranged in definite numbers and patterns. Finding out how the building blocks are assembled in the major molecules has proved to be a challenging and time-consuming task.

Last week Dr. Gerald Edelman and his colleagues at Rockefeller University demonstrated that they were equal to the challenge. They announced that they have successfully deciphered the chemical structure of an entire gamma globulin or antibody molecule, one of the basic defenders against disease in all the higher forms of life.

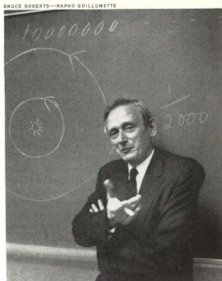
**Beads of Acid.** Because these molecules occur in such enormous variety in the body, scientists can rarely get a large quantity of any single antibody from normal individuals. But one form of cancer of the antibody-forming cells, multiple myeloma, causes proliferation of cells that then mass produce a pure gamma globulin that is unique to each patient. From a cooperative myeloma victim, the Rockefeller researchers obtained samples of blood and processed it to extract the globulin antibody. The remaining blood was returned to the donor. In 14 years, they got what by molecular standards is a huge amount—½ lb.

The antibody molecule is a protein, made up of chains of amino acids, of

which there are 20 varieties. In 34 years of detailed work, the Edelman team learned by chemical and physical analysis that this particular molecule contains 19,996 atoms (of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and sulphur) grouped in 1,320 amino-acid units, which in turn are assembled with the aid of chemical bonds into two "light" chains of 214 amino acids apiece and two "heavy" chains of 446 each (see diagram). Schematically, the four chains, in which the acids are strung like beads, look like a letter T. The middle part of the T varies little from antibody to antibody. The chains' ends at the tips of the crossbar constitute the antibody's active regions and can be varied in billions of different ways to fit the structure of the particular foreign molecule that it is equipped to combat.

When any vertebrate animal is "invaded" by foreign proteins—whether bacteria, viruses, or tissues from another animal as in a graft or transplant—the invaders soon meet one of the host's body cells that is armed with the appropriate antibody. This contact is a signal to the cell to divide. Its progeny also divide and soon there is an army of antibodies, each able to seize and hold two invading molecules. Powerful scavenger cells such as phagocytes then can go into action and effectively remove both combatants.

**Selective Immunity.** Dr. Edelman, 39, a physician and molecular biologist, insists that the chemical description of an antibody molecule is basic science, and he will not speculate on its potential medical uses. But his remarkable accomplishment may well be an important step toward the day when doctors will be able to selectively regulate immune reactions, allowing patients to accept transplants without lowering their resistance to disease.



ASTRONOMER VAN DE KAMP  
A crazy effort that paid off.

## ASTRONOMY

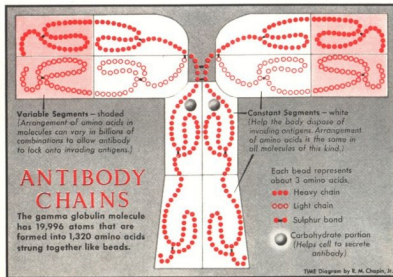
### The Mysterious Companions Of Barnard's Star

Is the solar system unique? Or are there other planets in orbit around other stars in the Milky Way and other galaxies? Many scientists believe that stars with planetary systems are more the rule than the exception in the universe, but they have yet to prove it. Interstellar distances are so great that the most powerful telescopes on earth are hopelessly inadequate for sighting small, dark planets that might be in orbit around other stars.

Undaunted by so formidable an obstacle, Astronomer Peter van de Kamp, the director of the Sproul Observatory at Swarthmore (Pa.) College, set out 31 years ago to search for dark companions of nearby stars. His long effort has been well rewarded. Last week the Dutch-born, 67-year-old astronomer announced the first "solid evidence" that there is a system of planets other than the solar system. He has detected two planets circling Barnard's star, some 35 trillion miles away from the earth, in the constellation Ophiuchus.

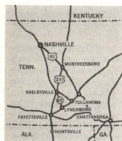
**Stubbish Search.** Van de Kamp and his assistants found the Barnard planets by using a classical astronomical technique: searching for irregularities in the path of a celestial body, a wobble that might be caused by the gravitational pull of a dark, unseen companion. As early as 1844, for example, astronomers concluded from wobbles in the path of Sirius that the bright star was accompanied through space by a star too faint to be seen from earth. The same technique has been used to establish that several other apparently single stars are actually members of a binary system; they have stellar companions that are invisible from the earth.

In 1938, when Van de Kamp started





ONE THING'S FOR SURE on the Jack Daniel's tour, we won't rush you. If you want to stop for something, go ahead and stop.



The tour through our distillery takes about an hour. And if you find anything you'd like to linger over, go ahead. You can catch up on anything you missed from Mr. Garland Dusenberry.

(He's the man who takes you through.) Just tell him what you missed and he'll take it from there. But he's a talker. So you might end up being with us more than an hour. But if you don't mind, we certainly don't either.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



DROP

BY DROP

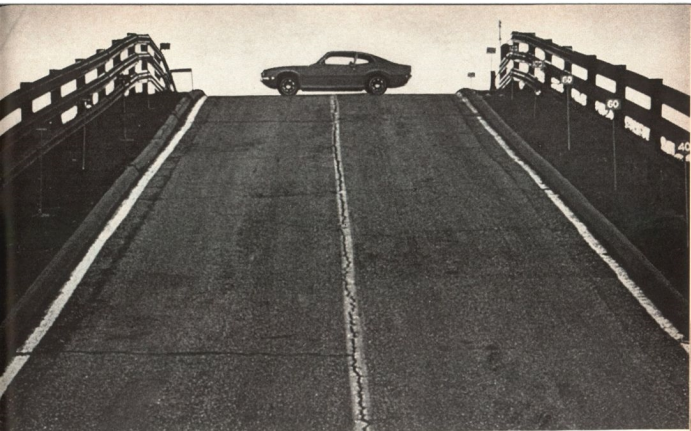
a concentrated search for these unseen companions, he and his assistants began to photograph at regular intervals some 40 of the stars closest to the earth, plotting their paths and looking for wobbles. They devoted most of their attention to Barnard's star because it is the closest star visible in the Northern Hemisphere and moves across the sky rapidly in relation to the distant "fixed" stars, making it relatively easy for astronomers to trace its path. "We concentrated and gambled on one object," says Van de Kamp. "It was one of those crazy, stubborn, all-out efforts that paid off."

Stubborn indeed. It was not until 1956 and thousands of photographic plates later that Van de Kamp was able to distinguish a significant disturbance in the path of Barnard's star. And it was not until 1963 that he had analyzed his results carefully enough to announce that a planet-sized object rather than a dim star was orbiting Barnard. "I wanted to tread slowly," he explains. "The *Zeitgeist*—the spirit of the time—had to be just right."

**Circular Orbits.** One characteristic of the unseen Barnard planet disturbed Van de Kamp: its orbit seemed too elliptical in comparison with the nearly circular orbits of most solar-system planets. Patiently continuing his monitoring of the star, he exposed more photographic plates, refined his data, and early this year came to the conclusion that Barnard's wobbles are caused not by a single planet in an unusual orbit but by two planets in nearly circular orbits.

The astronomer sees some similarity between the larger planets of the solar system and Barnard's two planets, which he has named B1 and B2. Both revolve in the same direction and in approximately the same plane—just as the sun's planets do. B1, which is slightly more massive than Jupiter, is about 450 million miles from Barnard and circles it once every 26 earth years. B2, about four-fifths as massive as Jupiter, is 250 million miles away and has a period of 12 earth years. There could also be other planets in orbit around Barnard's star, Van de Kamp says, but like the smaller solar-system planets, their effect on the course of their star might not be detectable at great distances. The comparison with the solar system stops there. Barnard's star is some 2,000 times less luminous than the sun. Thus, says the astronomer, "there is no possibility of life as we know it on any of Barnard's planets because it is so terribly cold."

Astronomer Van de Kamp is confident his photographic plates and mathematics leave no doubt that two planets are circling Barnard's star. Still, he frankly admits that he would welcome an actual sighting. "One of these days," he says, "someone will see B1 and B2 and I will say 'Well, I told you so.' But at the same time, I will take a deep breath of relief."



The new car story makes Life peachy for Del Monte.

# COME TO LIFE!

As we were saying, we're out to make one simple point: The good things we put on our pages help sell the good things you put on our pages.

Detroit's newest creature, the Maverick, got Life's full treatment in the April 11th issue. Complete. In depth. With all the hopes, risks, fears, excitement and dollars that go into making and selling a brand-new car.

And Del Monte was in that Life, too. With a color spread. But with no risks or fears. After 6 Life ads, Del Monte already has the beautiful problem of handling 41 million (no kidding!) entry clippings.

We say that the sheer vitality of our magazine rubs

off on your ads. And advertisers in each week's issue say the same. So they cheerfully put their corporate money where their corporate mouths are.

Even if it costs more? Even if it costs more.

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THE AMERICAN OFFICE TURNS OUT**





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The typewriter that eliminates jamming and lets you change type faces in seconds.



## BUSINESS

### CIGARETTES AND SOCIETY: A GROWING DILEMMA

THERE is no longer much question that cigarette smoking is a hazard to health; the medical evidence is overwhelming. The real debate now centers on what to do about it. That debate involves some fundamental issues, and they affect not only an industry that likes to call itself the nation's oldest—tobacco—but also several other major lines of business, notably advertising and broadcasting. More basically, the issues go to the heart of the concept of freedom at a time when personal freedoms are being expanded.

Should an industry be at liberty to promote a product that 70 million U.S. smokers want, even if it endangers life? What is the responsibility of the cigarette makers to the public? And what restrictive actions, if any, should the Government take against them? These questions are crucial in the growing controversy over cigarette smoking and selling.

#### A Confrontation

Last week the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee opened hearings aimed at providing some of the answers. Congress will need the answers soon. The Federal Communications Commission has voted 6 to 1 to ban cigarette advertising on radio and television, which it regulates, but it needs congressional approval to enforce such an act. The Federal Trade Commission wants to strengthen the current ineffective warning on cigarette packs, which now reads

Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health.

If the FCC has its way, the new label will be

Warning: Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Health and May Cause Death from Cancer and Other Diseases.

Both the FTC and the FCC also urge that this warning be appended to all cigarette advertisements and commercials. This week Joseph L. Cullman III, chairman of Philip Morris Inc., will testify for the nine companies that make U.S. cigarettes. He plans to say that, should the mandatory warnings be extended to all ads, the industry will abandon advertising entirely.

Why do critics go after cigarette advertising rather than attempt to outlaw the product itself? In practical terms, any sort of Volstead-style prohibition of cigarettes would be impossible to legislate, and any such legislation impossible to enforce. For all the difficult moral and legal questions involved, the anti-tobacco forces consider a drive on marketing to be the best way to confront the cigarette.

The federal regulatory commissions

would have the power to do what they want without congressional approval if Congress had not passed a cigarette-labeling act in 1965, which obliged cigarette companies to put the current warning sign on all packages. As a concession to legislators from the tobacco-growing Southeast, a clause was added that specifically "pre-empted" for Congress the right to rule on cigarette advertising. That was a lucky stroke for the industry, which has been shielded from further action not only on the part of federal agencies but also by a number of state legislatures where anti-

farm families. Still, the question of regulation of cigarettes goes much beyond economics and has, in fact, created a curious liberal-conservative polarity. The conservative *Dallas News* accuses "the liberals in Washington" of crusading for "censorship, pure and simple." Adds the *New York Daily News*: "Nuts to you, Big Brother."

The controversy has more than its share of ironies, contradictions and curiosities. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare spends \$2,100,000 a year to educate the public against smoking, while the Department of Agriculture annually pays out \$1,800,000 in price-support subsidies to tobacco farmers. To enlarge tobacco exports, which contribute about \$500 million a year to the U.S. balance of payments, Agriculture also promotes overseas sales. The Public Health Service encourages smokers to use filter cigarettes, but the Federal Trade Commission will not permit cigarette advertising that even faintly suggests that filters are preferable.

#### A Popular Social Cause

Washington is steadily increasing its efforts to retard the sale of cigarettes in the U.S. with the broadest and most direct campaign ever made against a legally marketable product. The U.S. Public Health Service releases increasingly damning reports about smoking. U.S. Post Office trucks are covered with anti-cigarette posters (sample: "100,000 Doctors Have Quit Smoking"). The Department of Health, Education and Welfare distributes millions of

pamphlets to public schools, warning of the hazards of smoking.

HEW has set up the National Clearinghouse for Smoking and Health, which turns out anti-smoking tracts for civic groups. Money from the "Smokehouse," as staffers call it, has started several local anti-cigarette projects. In Bakersfield, Calif., teen-agers have been given a \$52,000 grant and professional help to prepare commercials, posters and bumper stickers (SMOKE, CHOKO, CROAK). The pilot project there has been so successful that it will be repeated in several other cities this fall. The director of the clearinghouse, Dr. Daniel Horn, a pioneer cancer researcher, urges medical men to deliver anti-smoking appeals while they treat patients in their offices. Horn figures that, in less than a minute, doctors and den-



PEGGY FLEMING IN AD

Worries over health, questions about freedom.

tobacco bills are now pending. The exemption clause will expire on June 30, however, and Congress must then decide where to go from there.

Opposition to cigarettes has grown appreciably on Capitol Hill since 1965. About the only staunch supporters of the industry left are Congressmen from the big tobacco states, notably the Carolinas, Kentucky and Virginia. Many other Congressmen are worried about the health dangers, and sensitive to the growing movement to protect consumers—a major new trend in American life.

In purely economic terms, the stakes are high. The tobacco industry accounts for 1% of the gross national product, contributes half of its \$8 billion annual sales to federal and local taxes and helps to support 85,000 manufacturing workers, 1,200,000 retailers and 700,000

tists can recite enough evidence to frighten a smoker.

The campaign against smoking, though directed from Washington, has become a nationwide popular social cause. It has been joined by growing numbers of teachers, businessmen, movie and TV stars and sports heroes. A few television stations have voluntarily dropped cigarette advertising, and some ad agencies—including Ogilvy & Mather and Doyle Dane Bernbach—turn down cigarette business. Among the athletes, Skater Peggy Fleming, Quarterback Bart Starr and Outfielder Carl Yastrzemski star in American Cancer Society ads proclaiming "I don't smoke cigarettes." Doris Day and Lawrence Welk refuse to appear on TV programs sponsored by cigarette companies. Tony Curtis recently became head of a cancer society organization named I.Q. (for "I Quit"), which passes out lapel buttons to people who do so and dispatches public speakers to spread the antismoking message far and wide.

#### The Children's Crusade

The antismoking campaign has become something of a children's crusade; now it is the youngsters who try to persuade their parents not to smoke. Teenagers and children have been strongly influenced by the American Cancer Society and other private health groups, which send touring displays to schools, showing how lungs are affected by smoking. Most of all, young people have responded to the persuasive antismoking television commercials, which the FCC has ordered all stations to carry. "People used to call their cigarettes 'cancer sticks,' but they never really believed it before," says Dr. Charles Dale, a Chicago pathologist. "Now their kids are bugging them, so they can't even smoke in peace any more."

It is indisputable that Americans are losing some of their taste for smoking. Pollster Louis Harris reports that in the past four years the smoking population has declined from 47% to 42% of those over 21. One reason is that, in the same period, the number of Americans who believe smoking is a "major cause" of lung cancer has risen from 40% to 49%. Harris found that, by a ratio of 5 to 4, Americans favor restrictions on TV and radio ads for cigarettes. Significantly, those who are "most convinced" that cigarettes are dangerous tend to be people under 30. The polls confirm suspicions that smoking is encountering a psychological reversal among the young. Although cigarettes are still a staple of adolescence, they are no longer the props for manliness and sophistication that they once were.

The tobacco industry is suffering. In 1968, cigarette sales declined for the third straight year. The decrease, from 572.6 billion cigarettes in 1967 to 571.7 billion last year, seems minuscule. But it is disturbing to an industry that had been able to count on steady growth be-

fore the 1964 Surgeon General's report linked smoking to cancer. In 1968, per capita consumption of cigarettes among American adults dropped from 210 packs to 205. Overall industry profits remain high, but only because the tobacco men have been able to step up exports and sales of non-tobacco items.

A minor industry has developed to cater to the millions of people who want to stop smoking cigarettes. Bantrol, Nikoban and other aids for quitters enjoy brisk sales. "Withdrawal clinics" have sprung up in several cities; they urge people to munch popcorn instead of smoking, emphasize the positive effects of quitting. Paul Newman and his wife Joanne Woodward are among the recent graduates of Sunset Boulevard's "Smoking Control Center," one of several \$125 per course habit-breaking outfits that have opened lately in Los Angeles. Chicago's Mayor Rich-

ard Daley recently mailed circulars urging 36,000 city employees to attend similar clinics. Despite these efforts, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimates that only 45% of the people who want to quit really do so for as long as three weeks—and less than half of those are able to abstain for a full year.

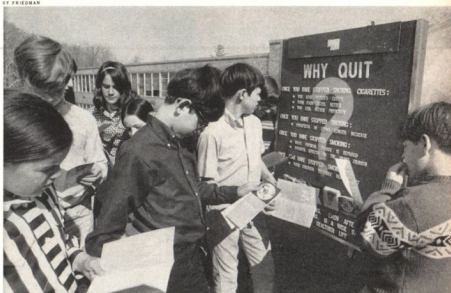
#### The Anti Ads

For most of its momentum, the crusade against cigarettes is indebted to a regulatory windfall: the antismoking ads that are broadcast free on TV and radio under the FCC's "fairness doctrine." The ten-year-old doctrine, designed to ensure airing of opposing views on controversial issues, had never been applied to the advertising of a product until 1967. Then the FCC ruled that broadcasters must devote "significant" time to antismoking messages, meaning

one of them for every three cigarette commercials.

The ads have proved devastating to the industry. They are prepared by the American Cancer Society and other groups, often with volunteer help from top ad agencies, and they usually have more punch than regular commercials. Cigarette ads must pass the industry's self-policing advertising code, which assures a certain blandness by ruling out appeals to youth and suggestions of athletic or social prowess. Often, pro- and anti-ads appear in startling juxtaposition. The American Tobacco Co. sponsors network broadcasts of NBC-TV's *Laugh-In*, but viewers can get the antismoking side during local station breaks.

The anticommicals themselves are sometimes just the reverse of cigarette ads; the smokers are miserable instead of happy, look stale instead of spring-time-fresh, cough instead of smile. By



CANCER SOCIETY MOBILE DISPLAY AT SCARSDALE, N.Y., JUNIOR HIGH

Now it is the kids who try to persuade their parents to stop.

far the most chillingly effective ad is an appeal by Actor William Talman, a longtime three-pack-a-day smoker. Talman, who played the prosecuting attorney in the *Perry Mason* series, looks gaunt and ill as he appears onscreen with his family. He tells viewers: "I have a family consisting of six kids and a wife whom I adore, and I also have lung cancer, which means that my time with this family I love is so much shorter." He died last August, six weeks after the commercial was taped.

#### The Power of Just One Man

Tobacco men who are pained by such advertisements can blame one man. He is John F. Banzhaf III, the 28-year-old lawyer who, almost single-handed, is responsible for all the free air time given to the antismoking messages. It was Banzhaf's "citizen's complaint" to the FCC about cigarette ads

that prompted the commission to dust off the fairness doctrine. Banzhaf had almost idly come across that "little loophole," as he calls it, while working at a Manhattan law firm. He was astonished at the response from the FCC, which ordered broadcasters to make room for antismoking ads. "All it took was a letter—there were no hearings," says Banzhaf. "Suddenly, I created a \$75 million business"—which is what the free air time given to the antismoking messages is worth.

Banzhaf quit his law firm (one of its clients was Philip Morris) and moved to a Washington flat five blocks from the headquarters of the Tobacco Institute, the industry's Washington lobby. He organized a nonprofit foundation called ASH (for Action on Smoking and Health), which monitors radio and TV to see that antismoking ads are shown and distributes information on smoking and health. Bachelor Banzhaf is authorized to draw a salary of \$20,000 a year but manages to get by without it, living on his salary as an instructor at George Washington University Law School. He won a court test on the fairness case last fall, and ASH will provide the \$25,000 or so that he figures he will need to fight the industry's Supreme Court appeal in the fall.

#### Prospects for Congress

The immediate task of Congress is to determine what to do when the cigarette-labeling law's pre-emptive clause runs out in June. Congressmen can take any one of three courses:

1) They can extend the present law. The cigarette industry is lobbying for that because the law would block further action by the Federal Communications Commission and the Federal Trade Commission. One measure of the industry's diminished power on Capitol Hill is that the best it can hope for is a continuation of what it fought so adamantly in 1965. In the House of Representatives, 29 Congressmen have sponsored bills to extend the law.

2) They can pass new laws regulating the sale or advertising of cigarettes. Bills calling for more controls have been put forward by 54 sponsors in the House. Most of the bills are similar to a measure sponsored by the leading opponent of cigarettes in the House, California Democrat John Moss. He would toughen the cigarette label and order it into all ads, as the FTC urges, and he would also empower the commission to limit the length of cigarettes. That would probably shorten the future of the new 100-mm. cigarettes, which generally have more tar and nicotine than the king-sized brands.

3) They can simply do nothing. If the labeling law's pre-emptive clause expires, the FCC and the FTC would be free to take almost any action they wish. This possibility particularly excites the critics of cigarettes. No cigarette bills of any kind are pending in the Senate, where sentiment against smoking is

even stronger than in the House. Washington's Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, and Utah's Frank Moss, head of the subcommittee on consumer affairs, promise that no bills will appear.

#### On the Defensive

The prospects are for a bristling fight in the House, where debate will intensify from now until the end of June. While the outcome is by no means certain, the industry's cause has been damaged by the retirement of some effective friends in Congress, notably Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton. Nor have tobacco men particularly helped themselves by their response to the issue of smoking and health. The Tobacco Institute refuses to concede that



BABOON SMOKING IN EXPERIMENT  
Also, lessons from mice and chickens.

much more than a health "controversy" exists. One reason for the industry's reluctance to concede a link between smoking and disease is its fear of health-hazard liability suits.\*

The industry's rather elaborate public relations effort has been something less than smooth. Manhattan's Hill & Knowlton, the world's largest public relations firm, had been tending the industry's image for 15 years, but it quit a few months ago in disagreement over fundamental tactics. Hill & Knowlton had engineered the defensive, low-profile approach, under which the industry minimized its public involvement in the health controversy. That put the firm at odds with some industry chiefs, who thought that it was time for a more aggressive approach in promoting the case for cigarettes.

\* No tobacco company has ever lost such a suit; there are not any known out-of-court settlements. Two years ago a New Orleans jury ordered American to pay \$250,000 damages in the case of a heavy smoker who had died of lung cancer in 1962, but two weeks ago American won a reversal on appeal.

The tobacco industry's main medical spokesman, Dr. Clarence Cook Little, is an 80-year-old retired biologist who headed the predecessor of the American Cancer Society in the 1930s. As chief of the industry's Council for Tobacco Research since 1954, he has steadfastly maintained that evidence linking smoking and disease consists largely of statistical associations, which cannot "prove" a causal relationship. The tobacco men ridicule the notion that cigarettes alone could be responsible for the two dozen or so diseases with which they have been associated. Much more research, they say, must be done on such factors as air pollution, urbanization and the stressful emotional environment that goes with it. Genetic and behavioral factors may be involved in causing disease, they contend. The Tobacco Institute cites surveys showing that smokers are unusually energetic, marry more often and drink more liquor and black coffee than nonsmokers. Smokers, the Institute concludes, are a "different kind of people" who are perhaps more susceptible to sickness. Supporters of the industry also point out that cigarette smoke has never induced lung cancer in laboratory animals, and that no one knows the mechanism by which smoking causes cancer.

#### Effects of a Blackout

While that is true, other medical men point out that the statistics have reached an impressive total and continue to grow. They are backed up by laboratory evidence. Experiments, often sponsored by the industry, are continuing with mice, dogs, baboons and other animals. Tests on chickens at Arthur D. Little Co. in Boston have shown that smoke gases temporarily paralyze the tiny, hairlike cilia that normally keep foreign matter clear of the lungs. Other animal research has identified a number of suspected carcinogens in cigarette smoke. At the House hearings last week, U.S. Surgeon General William Stewart repeated his conviction: "I think we have established cause and effect in lung cancer. I don't think there is any question about it."

Scientists have produced evidence that suggests links between cigarette smoking and a variety of other cancers—of the lip, larynx, esophagus and bladder—as well as ailments as varied as peptic ulcers and psoriasis. The U.S. Public Health Service reports that nonsmokers on the average live four years longer than two-pack-a-day smokers, and eight years longer than four-pack smokers. Small wonder that last month, when the Tobacco Institute sent out a press release disputing the cigarette opposition, so few newspapers printed the story that the industry had to buy space to run the release in full-page newspaper ads.

Tobacco men raise an economic argument in their defense, correctly pointing out that their industry is a large source of taxes, exports and jobs. Con-



To say what consumers will look for  
even five years from now could  
just be a good guess.



We're not waiting around to see.  
We're working on the guesses  
because they might be right.



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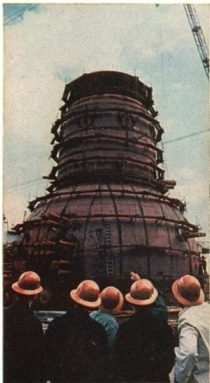
We don't pretend that all the good things we do are done from the goodness of the heart. What's good for the people we serve is also good for us.

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More than \$80 billion for new plants, equipment in next ten years—jobs, opportunity...



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Investor-Owned  
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Watch "Mirror of America," Sunday evening, May 11, on NBC-TV

gressmen from tobacco states warn that any actions damaging the industry would force Negro field hands out of jobs and cause them to move North, further swelling the ghettos and relief rolls. The economic problem is real enough, and manufacturers are dealing with it partly by continuing the diversification drive that has brought them into such areas as liquor and clothing, soft drinks and pet food. Reflecting the trend, R.J. Reynolds and American plan to drop "Tobacco" from their corporate names.

Yet the fears of deserted farms, silent factories and mass migrations of workers are exaggerated. Nobody in Congress expects or even calls for an outright ban on the sale of cigarettes; the painful memories of Prohibition are still too clear for anything like that. The current debate focuses not on sales but on advertising and promotion.

What would be the effects of an advertising blackout? Complete or partial bans on cigarette ads are in effect in Britain, The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Ireland, Italy, Switzerland, Rumania, Poland, Russia and Bulgaria—but people continue to smoke. In Britain, the Labor government struck cigarette advertising from TV in 1966, from magazines and newspapers in 1967. Last year, as cigarette sales stubbornly reached new highs, the government abolished games, coupons and other forms of promotion. Britons persist in smoking cigarettes in record numbers and, as usual, right down to their fingertips.

In the U.S., a complete ad ban would wipe out many new brands struggling to reach profitability. On the other hand, an FCC ban on broadcast advertising would save the manufacturers the \$225 million or so a year—about three-quarters of their total ad budgets—that they spend on TV and radio. They would in-

vest that money in many ways—in other advertising media, in such promotions as games and coupons, in acquisitions, and in raising their already generous dividends. Those possibilities have aroused new investor interest in the long-depressed tobacco stocks, and many of them have enjoyed a modest rally over the past few months.

The most immediate effects would certainly be felt by the three major networks and by the nation's independent TV and radio stations. In anticipation of some sort of restriction, CBS has already set up its 1969 budget without including the \$59 million—11% of total revenues—that it took in from cigarette commercials last year. President Frank Stanton expects that CBS would eventually find other advertisers to take up the slack, but a blackout would certainly hurt other broadcasters. If the British model held true, tobacco ads might eventually be banned from magazines, which depend on them for about 34% of their income, and from newspapers (14%).

#### A Worrisome Precedent

Even cigarette critics concede that there is no precedent for restricting the marketing of any legal product. The possibility of such a restriction raises sensitive questions about the future of other manufacturers, including gun makers and dairymen (some of whose products are a prime source of cholesterol). Many Congressmen are worried about setting an example that might be a form of censorship, but these same men would be in favor of stricter warning labels, not only on cigarette packages but also in ads. At last week's congressional hearings, Surgeon General Stewart said that he favors more explicit and more broadly applied warning labels instead of a flat ban on broadcast advertising. Even FCC Chairman Rosel Hyde somewhat softened his position and told the committee that he would be willing to forgo the ban if Congress ordered health warnings "in every bit of advertising, in print or radio or television." Of course, that would rule out the need for a ban. As Philip Morris' Cullman indicated, few if any manufacturers would be willing to spend money to advertise that cigarettes may cause "cancer" and "death."

The dilemma that cigarettes pose for society has reached its current state partly because many crusaders are pursuing an oblique and unsatisfactory approach to the problem. A ban on broadcast advertising makes little sense so long as cigarettes remain legal. Such a ban would mean that new and perhaps "safer" brands would be difficult to market.

It can be argued that the present problem would not be so acute if the industry had practiced more self-policing back in the 1950s, when the health question began to be raised in earnest. In fact, since the early health scares, cigarette tar and nicotine content has declined by about 40%, according to the Public Health Service, through the use



CRITIC BANTHAE\*

Big business from a little loophole.

of filters and milder tobaccos. Research goes on, despite some powerful obstacles. Not the least of them is that "advances" in filter design often make cigarettes so tasteless or tough on the draw that no one will buy them. Such has been the fate of the once-ballyhooed Strickman filter, which is now marketed in Canada and is selling poorly. Overall, however, the industry could have spent much more on developing safer tobaccos, better filters and other means of reducing the dangers of smoking—and it can still do so today.

A wiser alternative might be for Government to take over financing of research, possibly by increasing taxes on cigarettes, and intensify its campaign to educate people on the hazards of smoking. Another constructive step would be for Congress to order that the tar and nicotine content must be listed on all packs and in ads. If the dangers of cigarettes are only half as serious as most medical experts believe, the nation should settle for nothing less than a comprehensive federal drive to find causes and cures.

Government regulation of cigarettes will continue to increase. Philip Elman, one of the Federal Trade Commission's five members, argues that the Government has to take unusual actions because cigarettes pose a unique problem. "Cigarettes cannot be compared with such products as automobiles, butter or candy," he says. "Cigarette smoking is, without question, the greatest single public health problem this nation has ever faced." That may be an extreme view. But there is no denying that so long as men smoke—and that will probably be for a very long time—there will be no simple solution.

\* With "Mechanical Smoker" that collects cigarette smoke to show tar.



DEFENDER CULLMAN

Limited faith in impressive statistics.

## BRITAIN'S RESISTANCE TO PAINFUL CURES

TAX increases in Britain are imposed with guillotine-like dispatch. Disclosing few, if any, details in advance, the government presents the bad news in its annual budget and gets quick approval from a compliant Parliament. In what has become a national guessing game, Britons start hedge-buying weeks beforehand on goods and services that they expect to be hit by new taxes. They are urged on by shop-window posters that read "Beat the Budget." Because of Britain's economic difficulties, the guessing in recent years has been over where—not whether—the tax ax would fall.

Thus, few Britons were surprised when on Budget Day last week Chan-

ingly small improvement over the \$153.6 million deficit of the month before.

**Dallying Over Demand.** Efforts to improve the trade picture have been bungled repeatedly by Harold Wilson's Labor government. After devaluation, Wilson dallied for months over steps to curb domestic demand, which was not only stoking inflation but sucking in imports that Britain could ill afford. The government belatedly imposed a record \$2.3 billion of new taxes a year ago and subsequently put new restrictions on bank credit and installment purchases. All such restrictions reckoned without the canny determination of the British consumer, who ran up his personal debt and ran down his personal

end income tax reductions for interest paid on personal loans.

The budget omitted any increase in individual income taxes. Instead, the government rejiggered the rates to allow more than 1,000,000 low-paid wage earners to escape income taxes entirely. To further placate wage earners, it announced an increase in personal pensions and promised to let its authority to veto inflationary wage increases—which angered labor despite its ineffectiveness—expire by year's end.

In its largest concession to organized labor, Wilson's government scaled down its attack on wildcat strikes, which account for more than 90% of Britain's labor turmoil and exact a heavy economic toll. To minimize such damage, the government introduced legislation that would empower it to order a 28-day cooling-off period whenever a wildcat strike looms and to impose settlements in union jurisdictional disputes, another key source of industrial trouble. But the government shied away from proposals to make labor-management contracts legally binding and shelved its own plan to require a membership vote before strikes.

**Worst Year.** Businessmen faulted the budget for providing no new export incentives, and some complained that higher corporate taxes would deter the capital investment so essential to a bigger export push. Condemning a "dead-end budget by a far-end government," Tory Leader Ted Heath accused Jenkins of glossing over Britain's troubles. "Who, listening to that elegant, lucid style, would have been able to deduce that 1968 was, economically, the worst year in Britain's history?" asked Heath.

Britain's difficulty in achieving a turnaround raises fundamental questions about the value of the classic fiscal and monetary remedies for curbing inflation. As with the income-tax surcharge in the U.S., higher taxes no longer dampen demand as effectively in reality as in Keynesian theory. Corporate-tax increases are passed along in the form of higher prices. Unless governments impose wage controls, unions in turn use their power to win higher wages. Moreover, Britain's tax level is becoming increasingly oppressive; the total take exceeds 40% of the country's gross national product (compared with less than 30% in the U.S.).

Britain's economic dilemma is a blend of too much pride and too little self-discipline. For centuries Britain enjoyed overwhelming economic and political power for its size, a situation that has left the country accustomed to living beyond its shrunken means. Doubt has taken deep hold that any government—or policy—will overcome the problem. Britain long ago stopped making full use of either its individual resources or its technological know-how. Only if it succeeds in using both will its economy gain the strength to climb out of the present morass.



"I KNOW THEY DON'T WORK, BUT THEY'RE THE ONLY POTIONS YOUR WITCH DOCTOR'S GOT!"

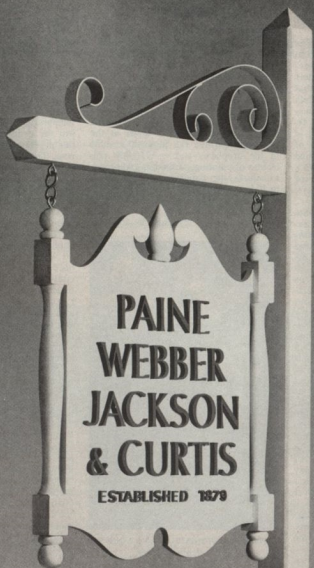
cellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins announced higher taxes and other austerity measures. This time, politics impelled Jenkins to go light on wage earners and to hit business heavily. Still, his prescription calls for much the same medicine that has so far proved ineffectual in curing Britain's ailing economy. Somewhat lamely, Jenkins told the House of Commons that the long-promised economic recovery "has been a good deal slower than we had hoped."

Britain's economy is considerably weaker than Jenkins admitted. Technically bankrupt, with foreign debts that greatly exceed its reserves of gold and foreign currencies, the country depends on international loans to support the pound. Sterling's devaluation 17 months ago was supposed to give Britain time to overcome its chronic trade deficit, the main source of its precarious financial condition. Instead, the country wound up with a 1968 trade deficit of \$1.1 billion, and the red ink has continued to flow this year. Last week the Board of Trade reported a March trade deficit of \$124.8 million, a disappoint-

savings to get rid of his money before rising prices and taxes further reduced its value. Consumer spending, instead of declining 1.9% last year as the government had intended, rose by 1.2%. Wages also rose by 7% last year and prices by 6%, despite government efforts to control both. The government undermined its own wage-restraint policies by agreeing to a big raise for workers on the government-owned railways.

Considering those pressures, Jenkins' latest dose of restraint was relatively mild. The new budget will raise taxes by \$816 million, barely one-third of the 1968 increase. Business will bear the biggest share of the burden in the form of higher payroll and corporate-income taxes. For individuals, the main increase was a 2.3¢ rise in the gasoline tax (to 54¢ per imperial gallon). There were also boosts in taxes on light wine (13¢ a bottle), off-track bookmaking, slot machines and gambling casinos. To induce Britons to save more and spend less, the government raised the interest that it pays on savings bonds. In a sharp break with tradition, it chose to





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## CORPORATIONS

### Levi's Gold Rush

In an era of acquisitive conglomerates and breathless corporate mergers, San Francisco's Levi Strauss & Co. is something of an anomaly. It is a privately owned, family-controlled company that has become successful almost entirely by internal expansion. Just how successful became known only last week. Issuing the first public financial report in its 119-year history, the behemoth of blue jeans announced that it earned \$12.1 million in 1968 on sales of \$196.8 million. That record makes it one of the nation's half-dozen biggest apparel manufacturers.

The disclosure was prompted by a Securities and Exchange Commission requirement that large privately held firms issue such information if they have more than 500 shareholders. Levi Strauss now comes under that ruling because it has been making a growing number of its employees eligible for the company's employee stock-purchase program. About two-thirds of its stock is held by 43 family members and trusts, with the balance in the hands of 480 employees. The shareholders have benefited from expansion that has doubled sales every five years since 1945. A \$3,700 investment made in Levi Strauss two decades ago is today worth \$60,000.

**Something Basic.** The business was founded by Levi Strauss, a Bavarian peddler who followed the gold rush to California in 1850. He saw a demand for trousers strong enough to withstand the rigors of mining. Using bolts of tent canvas, he devised what quickly came to be known around San Francisco as "those pants of Levi's." Over the years, denim replaced canvas, and Levi's acquired their distinctive indigo-blue color and low-slung design. Strauss, a bachelor, died in 1902, leaving the company to four nephews.

Before World War II, Levi Strauss was a \$10 million-a-year firm with operations largely west of the Mississippi. After the war, it moved eastward. Then, recalls Walter Haas Jr., 53, a great-grand-nephew of the founder and the firm's president since 1958, "we did something very basic. We began concentrating on the teen-age market." As its youthful customers grew older, the company kept their trade by bringing out "white Levi's" and later a full line of men's casual wear. Last year it introduced "Levi's for gals," a line complete with miniskirts, culottes and shirts.

Levi Strauss owes part of its growth to a willingness to gamble that Haas insists has been possible only because the company is privately held. Possibly the boldest move occurred in 1964, when the company became one of the first to manufacture permanent-press clothes, which it now sells in 60 countries. The company intends to keep its ownership concentrated. Whenever an employee leaves, he is required to sell his stock back to the company.

## MERGERS

### Safeguarding a Symbol

Manhattan's renowned "21" restaurant swung open its iron-grille gate on West 52nd St. as a classy speakeasy during prohibition. It has since evolved into a unique American showplace: a restaurant run in some ways more like a club than a public accommodation. There is no longer a trapdoor on the bar to trip drinks into a sewer at the press of a button, but logs still crackle in the fireplaces and a \$750,000 collection of paintings, drawings and bronzes adorns the paneled walls. Habitués include the rich, the powerful and the famous, plus thousands of others who flock there to see or be seen, attracted as much by the mystique as the cuisine.

PETER POLYMEROS



BOB & PETE KRIENDLER, BERNES & TANNEN  
*Ecologically perfect.*

sine. A hamburger lunch may cost \$14 with a drink or two, yet industrialists, movie stars and social celebrities covet "territorial rights" to "21" as hard-to-get tables. Their patronage helps the club to earn a substantial profit on revenues of some \$4,500,000 a year.

Last week, in a deal that combined friendship with business acumen, the "21" Club became a part of the wide-ranging empire of Ralph E. Ablon, chairman of New York-based Ogen Corp. For about \$10 million in stock, Ablon acquired the tangible assets of "21" (among them \$250,000 worth of old English silver that graces its walls) as well as its valuable land and the three brownstones in which it operates. With the club came two offshoots: Iron Gate Products Co., importers of caviar, grouse and other delicacies, and "21" Club Selected Items Ltd., which imports cigars and smokers' accessories.

**Absolute Czars.** The investment, as Ablon put it, was "ecologically perfect for Ogen" because the company already derives nearly half of its annual

\$1 billion sales from food growing and processing (the other half comes from such varied interests as scrap metals, land development and shipbuilding). The merger also solved a problem for "21" owners: the Kriendler brothers Bob and Pete, their cousin Jerry Berns and their nephew Sheldon Tannen. The family has run the restaurant for the past 40 years. Lately, Bob Kriendler had been wondering if the family should sell it lest the death of one owner create estate problems that might impair the business. The Kriendlers had had a number of offers for the club, but they wanted to stay in control no matter who owned it. "We have our own way of doing things, and it is an expensive way," says Kriendler. "Who would let us continue to run '21' like absolute czars?"

"I would," replied Los Angeles Architect Charles Luckman, a friend of 30 years, when Kriendler mentioned his dilemma last August. Because of precisely the same situation, Luckman had recently brought his own firm, Charles Luckman Associates, into Ablon's realm as a part of Ogen Development Corp. By coincidence, that deal had been struck over a two-hour lunch at "21". Ablon, who is also a regular patron, quickly agreed that safeguarding such a symbol of opulence would be good business for Ogen.

Even so, it took nine months to work out the details to the satisfaction of both sides, or, as Bob Kriendler put it, "to have our cake and eat it too." The Kriendlers will continue to run the club as part of Ogen Development Corp., and their contract allows them to quit if Ogen does anything that they deem "injurious" to the place. Ablon has no intention of dimming the glitter. "Any change is too much in a restaurant like '21,'" he says. "I won't get any free lunches."

**Friends of the House.** The inimitable Kriendler style, as a letter from management assured some 28,000 patrons, will indeed be maintained. With a nod to a headwaiter, the Kriendlers may send a tipsy Texas millionaire off to "Siberia," as the far end of the ground-floor dining room is called, or make sure that Joan Crawford is served by her favorite waiters upstairs. Promising newcomers often strive to become "friends of the house," a status that brings such discreet services as credit and the assurance that a guest will be spared the embarrassment of encountering his former—or present—wife. Unwritten rules about decorum and dress are firmly enforced. Women are almost always barred for appearing in pants, culottes or over-revealing dresses, and Darryl Zanuck was turned away when he showed up wearing a turtleneck.

Despite such benevolent dictation, the "21" is "friends" tend to regard the club as part of their lives. Last week a brief teletype message from a frequent guest in the upstairs dining room saluted the merger: "This insures that the great institution of '21' will remain intact." It was signed "Onassis."

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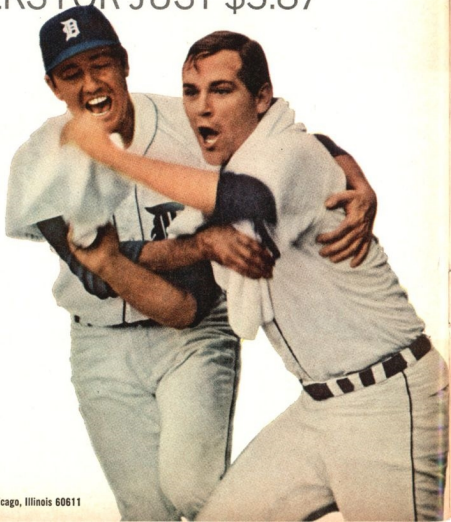
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## BOOKS

### The Portable Abyss

BULLET PARK by John Cheever. 241 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

After the final melodramatic act of John Cheever's new novel—in which a boy barely escapes being turned into a gasoline-soaked torch on the altar of an Episcopal church—the reader is assured that everything is going to be "as wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful as it had been." Lest it be thought that this is an attempt to fill the current American prescription for a tragedy with a pain-killing happy ending, it should be made clear that Cheever means by his four "wonderfuls" very much the same bitter things conveyed in the famous five "nothings" of King Lear. There are no dizzy precipices edging the smug suburban surface of *Bullet Park*. There is, however, the "portable abyss" of the commuter's 7:46 a.m. to Grand Central.

John Cheever's title, in the most obvious way, is intended to suggest that it is possible to die just as dead and be as swiftly damned among movers and cocktail shakers as ever it has been among the cockroach-infested retreats of the materially disadvantaged.

Insistence on that point is not new for Cheever. He has always been something of a Christian soldier in mufti, a man more kin to John Bunyan than to John Updike. Cheever's formula for circumventing disorder and the Devil has never strayed far from the New England legacy of his first full-length character, old Leander Wapshot. "Bathe in cold water every morning," Leander counseled his sons. "Relish the love of a gentle woman. Trust in the Lord." Yet literary means, like wars and prices, tend to escalate. In *Bullet Park*, trying to cope with up-to-date exurban alarms and filial excursions—including creeping despair and the generation gap—has widened farther than ever the consistent gap between Cheever's surface realism and the bizarre events and distorted perspectives of the moral allegories he pursues.

**Befuddled Blessedness.** Structurally the book seems simple: a narrative about the struggle between suburban neighbors unabashedly named Hammer and Nailles. The latter, Eliot Nailles, is an apparently commonplace industrial chemist who now sells a spiffy mouthwash. A churchgoer, country clubman, volunteer fireman and commuter, Nailles, in most modern literary hands, might emerge as a figure of fun. Cheever loves him, however, and sees in his dominant character-

istics—passionate monogamy, joy in small things, and especially in his inarticulate love for his teen-age son Tony—a kind of befuddled blessedness. It is a quality not unlike Billy Budd's, all the more vulnerable because it is unaware of evil. "Nailles thought of pain and suffering," Cheever writes, "as a principality lying somewhere beyond the legitimate borders of western Europe."

By contrast, Paul Hammer, Nailles' fated counterpart, is literally a bastard. "There is some mysterious, genetic principality," Cheever observes, "where the children of anarchy and change are raised." Hammer carries the passport of that principality. Brought up as a



CHEEVER AFTER SKIING ACCIDENT  
Christian soldier in mufti.

founding, he becomes an unsettling, sinister figure. Rootless and rich, he is old in some dreadful way that puts him outside humanity. A haunted, solitary drunk, he seems to epitomize the danger and disorder that lurk in self-preoccupation. A pet cat, or familiar spirit, called Schwartz, suggests that Hammer may be some sort of warlock. But in any case, Hammer sows lechery and malevolence wherever he goes.

Which of these opposing spirits—Hammer or Nailles—will decide the fate of Nailles' adolescent son Tony? Before the answer is given, Tony is sketched by Cheever as a gentle but largely predictable symbol of his generation. Unlike Salinger's Holden Caulfield, with his torrential garrulity, the boy does not get to tell his own story. But his silent vote is profoundly disapproving of *Bullet Park* and its frangible felicities. He has few dramatically contemporary hang-ups. There is little pot, porn, trans-sex, unisex in Tony's scene.

He has a sort of innocence, hard to convey in fiction, or by any other means, that is bound to prove embarrassing. He is also afflicted by unsophisticated surface ills: low grades, loss of a place on the football squad, undone homework, limited television. Dad once menaces him with a putter—when the boy says he would like to drop out of school and suggests, as many American young are doing, that promoting mouthwash is not what man should be all about.

Before the book's final, and perhaps preposterous moment comes (with Tony's near-immolation) the boy's rejection of the outer shapes of his father's world—mouthwash, lawnmower, cocktails, covert sex noises from the bedroom, college, good job—is absolute. He simply takes to bed, hugging the pillow, and won't get up. All he will say to his desperate father is "I love the world. I just feel sad, that's all."

**Abraham and Isaac.** Beyond an unfashionable admiration for all that is chaste, honorable and orderly in the world, John Cheever has always been notable for social perceptions that seem superficial but somehow manage to reveal (and devastate or exalt) the subjects of his suburban scrutiny. Much of this book, too, is composed of his customary skillful vignettes in which apparent slickness masks real feeling.

Despite such touches, *Bullet Park* is an experiment for Cheever, a thrusting out from rational story telling to the presentation of linked fragments of life which, both in themselves and as symbols, must compel the reader. On that level the book is outwardly crude, yet mysteriously provocative. Its theme suggests sources as far back as the story of Abraham and Isaac, with a youth seen as a sacrificial lamb. Readers who care, moreover, may read into Hammer and Nailles either two parts of one American character or two opposed aspects of commercial, ceaselessly mobile U.S. society. Perhaps, too, Cheever is invoking the endless confrontation between the simple, orderly, unimaginative and fruitful of this world, and its articulate, nervous, itchy, deadly and driven personalities who seem now to be in the ascendant. Cheever offers sympathies—but no final answers about the outcome. It is clear though, that he feels that order and simplicity stand in perpetual peril, and seem today singularly ill-equipped to defend themselves.

### Putting Time on Ice

LETTERS FROM ICELAND by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. 253 pages. Random House. \$7.50.

Even a tourist-case guidebook—the kind written in hoked-up feature writer's prose—furnishes vicarious travel. *Letters from Iceland* is a first-class VIP travel book written by two poets; it provides not only the usual armchair transport but also a vicarious voyage into the past.

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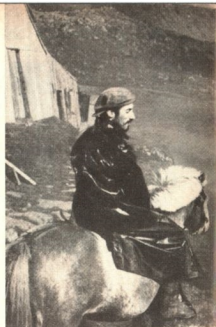
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MacNEICE ON ICELAND PONY  
Vicarious voyage into yesterday.

read this minor masterpiece for the first time will be given a lively sense of what it was like to be young in that year and possessed of an eloquent dread of what the near future held. Its two gifted and high-spirited young authors—Wystan Hugh Auden and Louis MacNeice—have, in fact, put time on ice.

Now that future is our ruefully remembered past. Today we are threatened by fear of the Bomb; then it was the spread of Fascism that gave the young a sense of doom and justified revolt against the Oldies:

*Down in Europe Seville fell  
Nations germinating hell...*

The two poets, cruising the dormant volcanic cones of Iceland on ponies, never lost their awareness of the active political volcanoes of Europe, which had first erupted in Spain. The last line in the book, "Still I drink your health before/The gun-butt raps upon the door," crystallizes in a phrase the tone of the period. Although no gun-butt ever knocked on the doors of Auden or MacNeice, the two poets were better prophets than most politicians. They sang of Armageddon and the man.

On the surface, of course, politics and history have little to do with a simple, slightly offbeat excursion to Iceland. But for the two young poets the laws of metaphor applied. The ancient island democracy was a place where "Ravens from their walls of shale/Cruise around the rotting whale." Europe was the beche-de behemoth and the ravens, the Blackshirts and the SS. Out of their few weeks spent getting saddle sores on bad-tempered Icelandic ponies or in rattletrap buses on boulder-paved roads, eating terrible meals of smoked mutton in smokier hovels, Auden and MacNeice re-created an odd and magical journey compounded of poems (sa-

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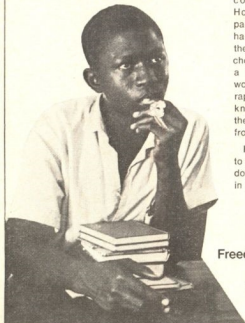
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tirical, epistolatory and familiar), letters, guidebook information, parodies, private jokes and public protest.

A minor decoration of the original volume, unhappily left out in the re-edition, were Auden's hit-or-miss photographs. Its principal treasure was and is his long poem, *Letter to Lord Byron*. Few poets since Byron have tried to crack the great romantic's seven-foot whip, and only Auden among Englishmen has succeeded, as here:

*For since the British Isles went  
Protestant*

*A church confession is too high  
for most.*

*But still confession is a human want,  
So Englishmen must make theirs  
now by post*

*And authors hear them over  
breakfast toast.*

*For failing them, there's nothing but  
the wall*

*Of public lavatories on which to  
scrawl.*

MacNeice is dead now, and Auden, an immeasurably more talented poet, has become a happier, wiser traveler, with a preference for balmy summer spots—the island of Ischia near Naples, for instance, and the civilized hills of Austria. But in *Letters from Iceland*, the two precocious patriarchs of an Oxford poetic school spoke with the same youthful, irreverent voice. The book is probably the only successful verse partnership since the old English firm of Beaumont & Fletcher closed shop. It is, moreover, an object lesson for all dull dogs who could find nothing more exciting in a place like Iceland than watching the glaciers whiz by.

### Bugged Vegetable

TERRA AMATA by J.M.G. Le Clézio.  
217 pages. Atheneum. \$5.95.

The Germans may have the word for it: *Weltschmerz*. But French writers have a long tradition in it too—a literary bleating of the young in which the gyrations of the ephemeral self and the monumental turnings of the solar system get dizzily confused. J.M.G. Le Clézio is a handsome lad of 29 with sporting initials and a static style who has in recent years been a flashily successful practitioner of that mournful art. His first book, *The Interrogation*, a kind of Krapp's First Tape, won France's third most prestigious literary award, the Prix Renaudot. His second novel, *The Flood*, a further torrent of talent and eloquence put mainly to the purposes of adolescent simpering, was also drowned with praise. But it is doubtful if any amount of critical bolstering will be able to shore up his latest novel, which reads a bit like an endless progressive-rock lyric in search of a psychedelic score.

For *Terra Amata* is plotless, guileless and garrulous. The non-hero is another of those nobodies who do nothing. The reader first meets him as a child play-



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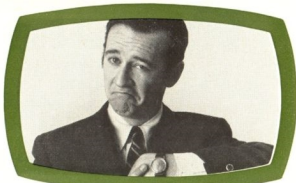
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ing God with potato bugs, and gradually watches him emerge pretty much as a bugged vegetable himself. In a series of widely spaced vignettes, portrayed as through a wobbly hand-held camera, he attends his father's funeral, makes desultory love to a nondescript girl in a hotel room, gets married, has a son, and finally dies. In between, he takes long walks, smokes endless cigarettes, compiles lists, uninventively takes inventories, floats cosmically, and grunts romantically.

To be sure, Le Clézio asks big questions, such as *What is Life?* with an earnest lyric gift. At times he captures the bubble-like transiency of youth with touching Gallic élan ("Who wrote 'I love you' on a cigarette paper and then smoked it? Who picked a flower and

PIERRE MARCET



LE CLÉZIO ON THE RIVIERA  
*Plotless, guileless, garrulous.*

put it in a glass of water? Who ate a vanilla ice on September 14, 1966, at twenty-five minutes to midnight, thinking that it was an eternal ice-cream cone, an eternal ice, an eternal yellow-white flavour?"). He is also adept at playing those "In" games French readers love, the sounding of literary resonances from Pascal to Robbe-Grillet.

Such native stylistic ploys, like poetry, suffer dreadfully even in the best of translations, and this one, by Barbara Bray, is much too stiff-lipped, too unbendingly British. Ultimately, what does Le Clézio in, is his decision to mirror his *Life-is-shapeless-and-meaningless* view in its own terms. All arbitrary mood and no movement can't help making for a dull book. "Nothing is necessary any more," concludes the non-hero cryptically as he is being buried. "But neither is anything unnecessary." That phlegmatic formulation ought to come as some sort of wan, stoical triumph. In context it seems pretentious and enigmatic.


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